

APRIL 1952 2/6

The

GEOGRAPHICAL

MAGAZINE

*Spring
Number*



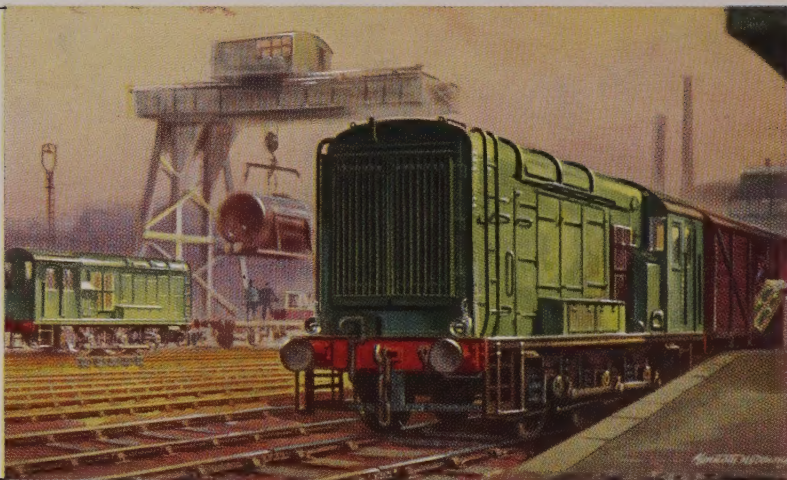
FIELD-MARSHAL SIR CLAUDE AUCHINLECK
SACHEVERELL SITWELL F. KINGDON-WARD

PETER SCOTT & JAMES FISHER

HECTOR BOLITHO LORD KINROSS LADY HUGGINS

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Every month Britain's railways carry more than 22 million tons of goods, and the marshalling of this enormous traffic requires powerful shunting locomotives of the utmost reliability. 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' diesel-electric shunters, handling loads of hundreds of tons, are doing this job 24 hours a day—not only in Britain but on railways all over the world.



bringing you

In the monthly total of freight transported by Britain's railways are $4\frac{1}{2}$ million tons of food and general merchandise for the shops. 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' plays a vital part in ensuring that your meat, fish, fruit and vegetables are delivered regularly and on time—one more example of the many ways in which The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company brings electric power to the service of millions of people.



better living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

The Mishmis of Assam

by F. KINGDON-WARD

Mr Kingdon-Ward's adventures as a botanical explorer are known to a wide public through his books and broadcasts. In the past twenty-five years he has paid four separate visits to the remote mountains inhabited by the Mishmis. All of these enriched the world's gardens with new plants

ASSAM is India's most easterly province, and is different in nearly all respects from any other part of the country. Just as the Americans come from the U.S.A. or from Texas, so Englishmen from India claim to come from India or from Assam, thereby emphasizing the contrast.

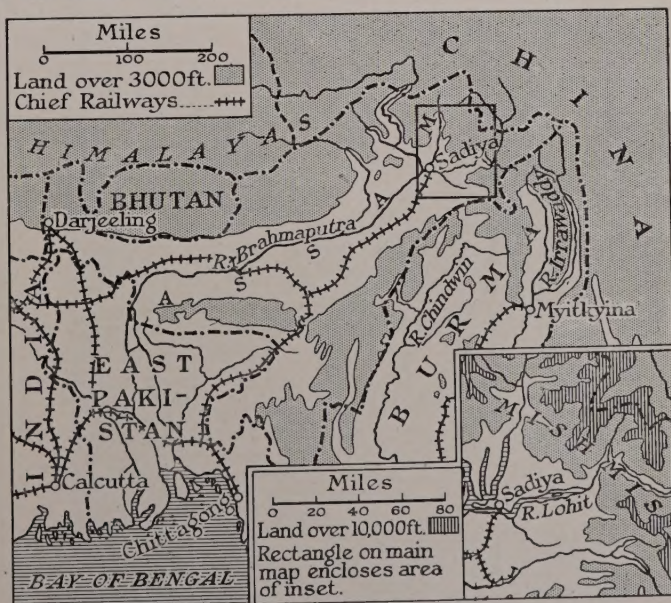
North of the Brahmaputra, the Himalayas turn north-east. At the apex of the broad valley they make a hairpin bend, so that south of the great river they turn back on themselves in a more or less south-westerly direction. Within this mountain loop lies the Assam valley. I write "they turn back" deliberately; for by geological standards it is still the same range. The mountains south of the Brahmaputra are composed of the same rocks—sandstones, slates and schists, with a central core of granite and gneiss—and are of the same age (Tertiary) as the main Himalayas across the valley. They were, in fact, uplifted at the same time by the same forces. Yet they bear little resemblance to them, being very much lower. Perhaps they are only a minor appendage, a hanging loop, as it were, while the main eastward continuation of the Himalayan uplift must be sought elsewhere.

However that may be, the fact that these mountains which form the southern boundary of the Brahmaputra valley are so much lower than the Himalayas has had a profound effect on the history of Assam; for unlike the Himalayas, they have never been a serious obstacle to incursions of people from the other side. The Shan invasion of the 13th century, no less than the Burmese invasion of the early 19th century, entered Assam from the east. The hills themselves are the abode of people left high and dry as the tides of migration or conquest ebbed and flowed, though the nature of the country afforded

few passable routes. As a result, cross-currents and human eddies became isolated in the valleys, and each developed its own way of life.

However, it is with the people of a small part of the southern ranges only that I want to deal here—the hills in the extreme north-east corner of Assam on both sides of the Lohit river, an eastern tributary of the Brahmaputra. This portion of the loop is known as the Mishmi Hills, and it remains today one of the least known parts of Assam, or indeed of Asia.

The whole of the Mishmi Hills are covered with evergreen forest—broad-leaved below, needle-leaved at higher altitudes—the only exception being the tops of the highest mountains above 12,000 feet, which are covered with an alpine type of vegetation. Some of these 'hills' rise to 16,000 or 17,000 feet, and though not capped with eternal snow, they are snow-free for very few months in the year. The country of the Mishmis is hard to penetrate, harder still to travel in. The narrowness of the valleys, the steepness of their flanks, the swift, unnavigable and



A. J. Thornton



(Above) Glo Lake lies in north-east Assam at an altitude of 3500 feet, backed by peaks of the Mishmi Hills over 12,000 feet high. It is very deep and was probably excavated by a glacier long since vanished. The lake contains fish but the Mishmis have not devised any way of catching them, though they set conical basket traps in the streams leading into it. (Left) The turban, short sleeveless jacket and two swords identify this pair as better-class Mishmis: sturdy despite their poor diet and frequent recourse to opium. They are paddling their bamboo-log raft in the channel by which the water leaves the lake

Mishmis slit open poppy capsules. The opium juice is wiped off onto rags, snippets of which are put into boiling water which is evaporated, leaving a thick yellow residue. Shredded tobacco is stirred into this and the mixture is then smoked. The unripe seeds of the poppy are very nutritious and are eaten

unbridged rivers, the snow-bound passes and the thick prickly jungle, are only a few of the difficulties which face the traveller. Everything, from tents to food, has to be carried by men (and women), and the smallness of the population, not to mention their dislike of carrying for strangers, is the cause of frequent delays.

Yet few regions are more worth exploring. What trees grow in these endless forests? Many familiar and widespread species, of course, but many rare, unexpected and unknown species also. What migrant birds haunt the forests in spring, when the rhododendrons are foaming with flower, or use the Lohit valley as a corridor, guiding them to the high plateaux of Central Asia? Who knows? No doubt most of them are well known in other parts of Assam, but there are also unknown species (or at any rate *races*) of birds, new 'records' of known species, and golden opportunities for observation of habit and status. When we get down to lower forms of life—reptiles, insects and others—we must confess that our knowledge is almost *nil*.

As for the Mishmis who inhabit the lower country, tough, surly, independent (yet on occasion helpful, friendly and cooperative), they too are worthy of study. The Mishmis are not great travellers—indeed, they cling with almost pathetic affection to their abysmal valleys—but in the cold weather they emerge from the forest onto the plain, and will come as far as Sadiya. Here you will see them wandering round the bazaar with a lost expression on their faces. There is nothing for them to do in their villages at this season, and it is cold; so they come down to the plains to work, bringing with them such goods as they have for sale—a few pods of musk, perhaps, 'Teeta' (the yellow root of *Coptis Teeta*, a valuable medicinal herb), the skin of a barking deer or bear—nothing very much, and nothing in regular supply. That, indeed, is entirely typical of



this feckless people. Though they come down year after year, never have they created a demand amongst the cleverer plains-people for anything, nor tried to fill one. They offer their labour, nothing more you can count on. Woe betide the merchant or shop-keeper who relied on supplies being delivered regularly by the Mishmis! He would quickly be out of business. But as cane-cutters they are not to be despised.

The casual attitude of the Mishmis to life is shown by their primitive cultivation. No doubt they are the worst cultivators in the world; but they are quite prepared to live on the bread-line, so long as they can have what we might regard as luxuries, but which they have come to regard as necessities. These are tea, tobacco, and opium. Tea they buy in Sadiya bazaar; tobacco and opium they grow. The steep slopes of the Mishmi Hills offer few facilities for agriculture. Only the infrequent natural river-terraces in the deep V-shaped valleys and steep slopes are available. Thus arable land is scarce, and the Mishmis are chronically short of food. Yet there is always room for the opium crop.

Perhaps this is not quite so bad as it sounds, for in the first place the crop is ripe before the end of April, and by mid-May the plants have been pulled up and a different crop (usually buckwheat) sown in its place. And in the second place, the seeds of the opium poppy, which contain no alkaloid and are highly nutritious, are eaten.

The method of taking opium is interesting. The juice is wiped off the scratched poppy capsule onto a piece of rag. The smoker, seated by his fire, shreds some tobacco leaf and boils up a little water in a small brass bowl. Then he snips off a piece of opium-smeared rag and soaks it in the boiling water, removing it when all the opium has been washed out. He continues to evaporate the water until little more than a thick yellowish residue of opium remains. The shredded tobacco is added, and stirred until it has taken up all the opium, and finally this plug is pushed into the pipe bowl and smoked.

Most of the agriculture, except the hacking down and burning of the forest to make clearings, is done by women and children. The Mishmis live in small villages (often comprising two or three huts only, though they may be a quarter of a mile apart) wherever suitable ground is available. The huts are of great length, divided up into a series of living-rooms. Children grow up and marry; each family occupies a room; so that three or more generations may live under the same roof. Built of split-bamboo matting, with heavy grass thatch and low eaves, the houses are dark, but warm in winter, cool in summer. The short rounded porch at either end is supported by radial bamboos, giving a curious sort of fan-vaulting effect.

The Mishmis do not build their villages in carefully chosen defensive positions on isolated hilltops, like most tribes. One concludes that they are a peaceful people, and that no-one covets their territory. The two priority requirements are a stream of fresh water, and slopes facing south or west sufficiently gentle to be cleared and cultivated, and within reach of the houses. All the natural river-terraces are, no doubt, occupied already, though not by any means all of them are cultivated. For the first settlement, level ground is not essential—many a village is built on a steep hillside, in which small platforms have been laboriously cut out; or the hut is built on high stilts, one side resting against the slope. But since the Mishmis must live between 2000 and 6000 feet altitude, the search for a possible new site—even over the

thousands of square miles available—must be a long and difficult business.

Mishmi culture has been described (like that of most of the Assam hill tribes) as still in the Neolithic age. Cultivation is shifting, and in course of time many villages are forced to move, because all available agricultural land within reach has been exhausted. Contour terracing and irrigation are unknown—or at any rate unattempted—and the main subsistence crops are millet and maize, together with buckwheat and Job's tears. The Mishmis, however, eat rice when they come down to the plains, or at any other time when they can get it. Attempts to teach them to grow vegetables, such as lettuce, radish, turnip, and the like, have proved unavailing, even when the government has supplied them with seed. They just can't be bothered.

Before the end of the war, political officers were laying out small demonstration plots at selected villages; but on my last visit to the Mishmi Hills in 1950, these had practically reverted to jungle. The Mishmis must therefore be regarded as a primitive tribe who glory in their backwardness, and put up a stout resistance to any sort of reform; the inertia to be overcome before any change can take place is certainly formidable. Whereas the Assam Military Police get many recruits from the hill tribes, there is no record of a Mishmi ever having sought military service.

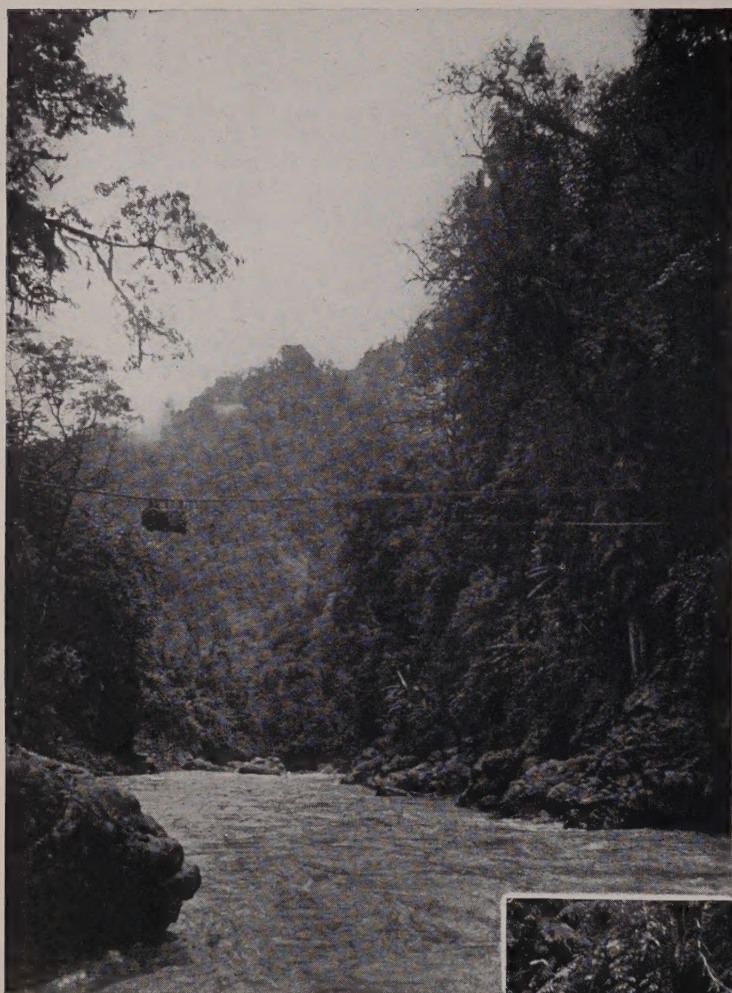
In their dress, again, the Mishmis display a certain primitiveness. Despite the cold damp winters—Mishmi villages, though below the frost line, are overshadowed by snow-covered mountains throughout the winter—they have not got beyond the cotton cloth stage; yet content as they are with inadequate clothing, they would feel almost naked without their finery. Men wear a collarless and sleeveless jacket reaching to below the buttocks, and a shawl or wrap over the shoulders, the ends crossed over the chest. Nothing more but an extra scarf or wrap at night. Legs and arms are bare to the bites of blister flies, leeches, and other blood-suckers which abound in this unsaline land. They tie their long hair in a knot and bind a cloth round it turban-fashion—the Mishmis, in fact, are known to some of their neighbours as "topknots", and (less politely) by the Tibetans, who say they have tails, as "monkey folk". Sometimes they wear an arrow-proof cane helmet, shaped not unlike a British steel helmet, thereby acquiring a combatant look they are far from feeling.

Inadequate as this wardrobe appears, at



(Left) A Mishmi girl cleaning the hair of a male companion. Her own hair is done into a top-knot through which two skewers are thrust; across her forehead is a silver bandeau; and at her waist is the usual cloth bag. (Below) Mishmi girl-porters resting in the forest. Without discarding their heavy ornaments (the foremost has metal hoops round her neck and a silver ear-tube) they will carry sixty-pound loads up and down mountain paths for several hours on end





The Mishmis have found an ingenious (though uncomfortable) method of crossing the swift rivers which cut through their steep-sloping hills: three or four climbing-palm canes are passed through several twisted cane rings and are tied securely to trees on either side of—

—the gorge. The Mishmi sits or lies in the rings, then hauls himself across hand-over-hand. Europeans and loads are pulled across in specially made cages. (Above) Cane-rope bridge over the half-flooded Kamlang River (Right) Cage in action thirty feet above the swirling river



least for the cold weather, they make up for it by wearing two swords, one or two base-metal bracelets, short ear-tubes, and a monkey-skin or cloth bag; they also frequently carry a spear.

Women and girls wear a knee-length cotton skirt, and a tight bodice so short as to be hardly more than a brassière. The only other garment is a thin shawl. All home-woven cloth is dark maroon or black, with only threads of colour running through it. The clothes are supplemented by a jingling array of ornaments—a thin bandeau of hammered silver, large silver or bamboo ear-tubes, heavy chains of silver rupees (most of them date from the days when rupees were made of silver), and an enormous number of glass-bead necklaces—in all, several pounds' weight of decoration. Finally, two long silver pins like meat-skewers are thrust through the topknot.

As regards their persons, the Mishmis are dirtier than most hill tribes of Assam. Though not averse from washing their legs in a wayside stream—at least in the hot weather—they are not scrupulous about the rest of their anatomy, and their heads are a favourite breeding-ground for the minor forms of life. Their faces, too, leave much to be desired, as they are chronically blackened by wood smoke.

Having in previous years made journeys in the Lohit valley and some of its tributaries, it was a new experience to visit the Kamlang valley further south, where my wife and I camped close to a lake concealed in the hills. The people of this valley belong to the Miju clan who, though they dress like and look like the Digaru Mishmis of the lower Lohit valley, speak a different language, and are on the whole of a more even temperament, and more cooperative where strangers are concerned. With the help of Miju villagers, we circumnavigated the lake—a relic of the glacial age—by bamboo raft, finding many interesting trees on its shores.

The village owned a fine herd of mithan, gentle creatures, half-domesticated but used for no purpose whatever, except slaughter on feast days. They are handsome cattle, a cross between the wild gaur (*Bos gaurus*) and the Indian humped cattle, in colour usually black with white socks, and short straight conical horns which project sideways. Their curiosity is infinite, but arises solely from their chronic search for salt, which they consider as likely to be found inside an unfamiliar tent or stores box as anywhere

else. They are certainly not shy. Other domestic animals are razor-backed pigs, and curs of low degree, mangy or even completely hairless. The Mishmis, though pork-eaters, are too lazy to be great hunters or fishermen. They will eat almost any flesh, including frogs, lizards, birds of all kinds (which they trap), and especially snakes. More in the nature of an appetizer are the bugs they collect from beneath stones in the river beds, during the cold weather.

It is difficult to cross the swift rivers in the Mishmi Hills, as only cane-rope bridges are in use. The canes (climbing palms) are cut in lengths of about forty feet in the hill jungle, and passed through a fire before the outer skin is scraped off with a knife. Three or four separate canes are used for a bridge, not twisted together, their ends securely bound to trees on either side of the river, and sometimes thirty or forty feet above the water. Before the cable is closed at each end, half a score of stout twisted cane rings, about eighteen inches in diameter, are threaded on it. These are the carriers, in one of which the traveller sits or lies while hauling himself across, hand over hand. Europeans and loads can be hauled across (as we were) in a bamboo cage, made on the spot; but though thus relieved of hard labour, it is no joy-ride, doubled up like a monkey in a crate.

This is a violent region. Even the Mishmis seem subdued by their surroundings. In the great earthquake of August 15, 1950, a number of villages were buried without trace. Two years previously one of the biggest villages in the Mishmi Hills was wiped out by a landslide on the very night when fifty of the most influential headmen of the country had met together, to discuss matters with the Political Officer, who was also killed.

Today these hills form a soft buffer between Communist China and India. The region is neither impenetrable by man, nor impervious to ideas; and with one half of the Mishmis migrating upwards into Tibet in summer, and the other half migrating downwards into Assam in the winter, anything could happen. It would be wrong policy to try to turn the Mishmis, against their inclinations and interests, into plainsmen (even if it were possible); nor does anyone covet their territory. What should be aimed at is that with government help, they do the best they can for themselves within the limits imposed by their environment and their way of life.

Giants at Tarragona

by SACHEVERELL SITWELL Photographs by A. COSTA

Mr Sitwell has long been fascinated by the surviving remains of primitive festivals and their symbolic relationship to the modern world: indeed, one of his books, Primitive Scenes and Festivals, is devoted to this subject. There is evidently still plenty of room for speculation as to the origin of the giant processional figures that have survived more in Spain than in any other land

THE *Gigantes* of Spain, which in the full flavour of Castilian should be pronounced with an initial guttural and slightly aspirated "h", are so exceedingly curious, and have still such a hold upon the population, that I will first describe the *fiesta* at Tarragona, and then write upon these giant figures, generally, and try to collect such information upon them as can be found.

During August 1950 I was spending the summer holiday at a country house near Réus, about ten miles from Tarragona, and we were told that there was to be a bull-fight and procession of giants on Sunday, August 19. About five o'clock in the afternoon we drove into the town, and felt that peculiar and electric excitement in the air which pre-ludes the bull-fight. There is nothing else quite like this in the world. The only suggestion of it in the arts is in music. In Debussy's *Ibéria*, it seems to me, you have a miraculous anticipation of the excitement before the bull-fight, made more marvellous still when you remember that Debussy had never been to Spain. But neither had Bizet. Musicians are, indeed, a mystery. In Tarragona, upon that August afternoon, it was gloriously, eternally hot; and I write "eternally" because coming into the town you see Roman ruins in every direction, all built in golden stone. There is a particular golden light in Tarragona, which the Roman poet, Martial, who was a Spaniard, calls the "*aprica litora*". It is a ripe golden light which clings, particularly, to classical sites; and is as true of Syracuse as it is of Tarragona. There are authorities who state that the town had a million inhabitants in Roman times. It was the Roman capital of Spain. Augustus spent the winter of 26 B.C. in Tarragona, and wore the local costume, a white kilt rather resembling the *fustanella* of the Albanians. Ford says Augustus "put on this dress to please the natives, as George IV did the kilt at Edinburgh".

As you come into this ancient city you see the Cathedral on the skyline, and pass the bull-ring. There were conflicting stories about the hour of the procession, and we went

straight to the Town Hall in order to make enquiries. For it was here that the *Gigantes* lived. This was their home. They were kept in one of the high rooms at the back. The Town Hall is at the end of a square of tall ochre-coloured houses, and immediately we were in the middle of a crowd. We had arrived just as the *toreros* were leaving for the bull-fight. Their hotel was in this square which was lined with feathery acacia trees. The *picadors* were coming out, putting on their wide-brimmed hats and fastening the straps under their chins. They were big, burly Spaniards, walking heavily; but the *toreros*, younger, gayer members of the fraternity, stood on the steps of the Town Hall, being photographed; and there were young girls in flounced dresses and white *mantillas* who posed with them to be photographed, and then climbed into open carriages and started off for the bull-fight amid the plaudits of the crowd.

This is a sight to be seen nowhere but in Spanish countries, and beyond question there is something wonderful and beautiful about it. Here, in the crowd, our friends recognized and talked to the Gypsies who, later, were to get inside the *Gigantes* and walk in them, and we were told the procession was to be at six o'clock. Another of the Gypsies said, cheerfully, "at eight o'clock"; and another, "nine"; so no-one knew, and the one thing certain was that it would be when the bull-fight was over. We arrived, ourselves, in time for the entrance of the *toreros* in all their glitter and tinsel; but we omit the bull-fight and advance the clock till that uncertain hour when it is getting dark. The population have, now, filed out from the Plaza de Toros and are promenading up and down the Rambla in that manner of walking which is peculiar to Spanish crowds, and which even Spaniards will admit to themselves is reminiscent of the entr'acte music from *Carmen*. It was nearly impossible to make way across the Rambla, but in the end we got back to the Town Hall and took up our headquarters at a café in the square.

Here there were few people, and those



The Queen of the Giants outside the Cathedral at Tarragona. The Gigantes are part of the establishment of the cathedrals in many Spanish towns. There are similar giants at Toledo, Burgos and Zaragoza. This is a Saracen Princess, but she could as well be Isabella, for there are nearly always a Ferdinand and an Isabella



A Cabezudo or "big-head" belonging to a different race, as it were, from the Gigantes. He is a man of normal size wearing an enormous head and represents a Spanish peasant or a farmer. He carries a whip in his hand. This Cabezudo would appear to date from about 1840-60. Others are much older

An enfilade of the procession. There are about sixteen or eighteen giants, in all, at Tarragona of various sizes of which the Cabezudos are the shortest. Seen next to a police officer, the Spanish Peasant shows their height; three more Cabezudos—females—totter in front, one behind the other





This is one of the two tallest of the Gigantes, seen against the sculptured doorway of Tarragona Cathedral. Nearly all of these sets of giants include a Moor among their number. Perhaps he is a folk-memory of Boabdil, last King of Granada



The Queen of the Giants, a bunch of flowers in her hand, is more than twice as tall as the man inside who carries her in the procession. Next to her stands the Cuban Negress, one of a medium-sized race who are a mere ten feet or so in height

A fantastic moment in the procession : the Cuban Negro and Negress dancing to a popular tune from Mexico. Her striped dress, and the parrot in her hand, tell she comes from Cuba. The Negro is dressed like a planter in a white linen suit. His feet and legs, correctly dancing the steps, make his body seem even stiffer than it is





Close-up of the Negro from Havana. He wears gold earrings, and a Panama hat of most expensive plaiting. Such hats cost the equivalent of ten or fifteen pounds to buy. The Gypsy dancing inside this figure was an adept at the tango, samba, maxixe, habañera; in fact, any semi-tropical dance. A fife and drum supplied the music



A Gypsy in the act of getting inside one of the giant figures at the Tarragona Fiesta. These figures, supported on a wooden frame, are very heavy and need strong men to dance inside them

stood about, and listened. They were waiting for the sounds of the procession. At last, there were the shrill notes of a trumpet, and getting up from the café we climbed the steep streets leading in the direction of the cathedral. By good luck, we 'hit' a long narrow street coming straight down from an angle of that golden building. Some of the procession had already passed, and were round a corner. There were innumerable small boys in white surplices, holding lighted candles. One would have said all the small boys of Tarragona were walking in the procession. Then came a lot of monks, Franciscans in brown robes; followed by priests, all chanting as they walked; and a large number of respectable persons in dark suits who must have been Town Councilors. After them came a contingent of troops, part of the garrison of Tarragona, reminding one that Spain is the Catholic country, and that the Catholic Church is the state religion. Then more dignitaries, and various important ecclesiastics, canons, and so forth; and the silver shrine of the saint, carried past in a forest of lighted candles. Immediately behind this a military, and then a municipal band, both vying with each other, and walking with slow step to the conflicting music.

It was now that the Gigantes came in sight. This narrow street down which the procession was passing had balconies on five or six floors of the houses to either side. These balconies were crowded with spectators. It was nearly dark. The street lamps were not lit; and the light came from the candles of the procession; or was thrown from the balconies, through the lit rooms behind them. A sinister hour of the evening, made darker by the decaying plaster of the walls. It was, in fact, a mean street, and one which never had much daylight. It had an air of the houses being built so near together for protection in an earthquake; or to hide away from the heat; or be hidden from the cold. A long, steep street in which it would be hateful to live because of the incessant noise. There could only be a troubled quiet and silence for an hour or two out of the twenty-four.

The giants were coming down the street and their heads were on a level with the third floor balconies. They were moving forward with a curious, ambling motion. Their heads and limbs were fixed and expressionless, but as they walk along they bob up and down, which is from the steps of the men who are inside them. First was a huge giantess eighteen to twenty feet high, with long hair down to her shoulders, and a bandeau round

her forehead. A bunch of flowers was in her hand. She wore a long dress of velvet and brocade. Behind her tottered two or three more giants. She was the Saracen Princess, and the Moorish King in his turban followed after her. It was most curious, from where we stood, to watch the huge figures turn the corner, and to see them tottering along behind the band. Every fifty steps, or so, there was a halt to rest the men inside them. Then the entire procession stopped, so that its pace was regulated by the giants and giantesses.

But they were not Gigantes only, there were *Gigantones* and *Gigantillos*. A Negress in a striped dress, with a parrot on her hand to show she came from Cuba; and a Negro with gold earrings, wearing a Panama hat of expensive make, and a suit of white linen, the coat being disproportionately long for his trousers. The Negro and Negress only came up to about the shoulders of the Saracen Princess and the Moor. There were, as well, *Cabezudos*, or "big-heads"; and, in particular, a figure of a Spanish peasant with aquiline features and enormous, dark 'mutton-chop' whiskers, but he was only the height of an ordinary man with the big head attached.

The procession had now passed; the Gigantes and Gigantillos were enjoying one of their rests, and we took a short cut down through the streets in order to get back to the square in time to see them dance. After some moments there was, again, that shrill sound of the trumpet and the giants, only, came into the square. They tottered through the crowd on to the steps of the Town Hall, and now proceeded to dance to their own music of the fife and drum. The Saracen Princess and the Moorish King danced to a popular Mexican tune, bowing stiffly to each other, and then walked with those curious, slow steps into the Town Hall, the door of which was only just high enough to let them in. This Mexican air (which has not yet reached England) was, of course, more suitable still for the Cuban Negro and Negress. There was something peculiarly horrible about the short legs of the Cuban attached to his gigantic body. But this figure, not being so tall, was able to dance the steps more correctly; and it had the effect of some strange kind of hallucination to see him dancing to this semi-tropical music on the fife and drum. There was the feeling that this Cuban Negro would, in fact, have been a skilful dancer; that he was a ghost from the poorer bars and dance-halls of Havana. Then the Negro and Negress, too, bowed and tottered into the Town Hall.

I was told that the big 18th-century houses in Barcelona were built with doorways especially high so that the Gigantes could come through them and dance inside the courtyards. Some Spaniards will tell you that the Gigantes are particularly popular in Catalonia. But this is not true; we shall see that there are these giants in most of the Cathedral towns of Spain. It was, however, in Valls, a Catalan town only a few miles from Tarragona, that a great festival of giants was held by invitation a year or two ago, and no fewer than one hundred and twenty of the Gigantes were collected from all over Spain. This, indeed, was a Spanish fantasy of the purest water. Valls is an ordinary Catalan town, of little interest, but it must have presented an extraordinary spectacle that day. How curious, too, to see the Gigantes arriving by train the evening before, and being 'assembled' outside the railway station! And walking to their lodgings!

My own experience of Spanish giants goes back much further than the summer of last year. I first went to Spain in April 1919, soon after the war had ended, and spent Holy Week in Toledo. Altogether I was three weeks in Toledo, for in those days you could walk into any church and not know what paintings by El Greco you would find; and one evening we were told there was to be a procession next morning of the Gigantones de Tarasca. They were carried through the streets of Toledo, starting from the Cathedral, and were lined up at the *puerta de los Leones* for the procession to begin; figures of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and the dragon Tarasca, also a figure of the Cid, but the derisive laughter of the crowd was reserved for a giantess who, it was embarrassing to be told, went by the name of Ana Bolena. The effect of this procession of giant figures through the streets was excessively curious.

Giants are 'on the establishment' of many Cathedrals in Spain, though nowadays, for convenience, they are often housed in the Town Hall. There is a large contingent of them in Zaragoza. A friend of mine passing through that town one day in the autumn of last year was astonished to meet these huge figures being carried through the street. He was told a religious procession had just ended and they were on their way back to the Lonja (an old Gothic building) which was their lodging. It was, in all probability, the fiesta of the Virgen del Pilar on October 12. There are more of the Gigantes at Burgos, a Ferdinand and Isabella, Negroes, and a Chinaman, and various Cabezudos; and an odd

collection at Santiago de Compostela. Photographs of them dancing in front of the Cathedral in this latter town could be scenes from devil-dances in the lamaseries of Tibet. Giants are, also, much in evidence during the Fiesta de San Fermín, at Pamplona, which takes place on July 7 and is celebrated with bull-fights in the open streets.

The Gigantes must be a survival from the early Middle Ages. At one time there were these pantomime figures all over Europe. There is, still, the *groaulx* or dragon of Metz, to be seen in the Cathedral but which, formerly, was taken in procession through the streets. Perhaps they had never any other purpose beyond popular entertainment. They were a public spectacle like our Lord Mayor's Show; and for alternative some heretic or malefactor might be burnt alive. The Gigantes, in fact, are farcical figures built upon broad lines. The finer points of humour would be lost upon a mediaeval crowd. It was a humour near, itself, to brutality; and it would probably never enter the head of a 'modern' crowd as, for instance, a Cup-final crowd, to laugh at, or even be afforded any amusement whatever by, these grotesque giants. Or would huge plastic figures of politicians and famous football-players amuse them, if carried in procession round the field? It is possible. It may be only the 'out-of-date' identity of the giants, and the feeling that they have come out of some ancient lumber-room, that makes them sinister in such a haunting way.

What other history is there behind them? For they may seem only old and ridiculous in cold blood, but are full of meaning when you see them dancing to the fife and drum. Is it possible that they could be pre-Christian, and descended at many generations from the idols of the old gods? They have survived more in Spain than in any other country; and it is true that at Seville (where, so far as I know, there are no Gigantes) some of the famous carved images that are carried in procession in the *Semana Santa* have taken the place of statues of the pagan gods. In one or two instances their shrines are even built upon the sites of ancient temples. But, unfortunately, this argument cannot be supported in the case of the Gigantes. Instead, they are ancestors of the cardboard figures of the *Bataille de Fleurs*, forefathers of 'King Carnival' of the Riviera towns. Sinister, though, and grandiose in effect, as will be seen from the accompanying photographs, and inseparable in memory from the Cathedrals that are the glory of old Spain.

Early Travellers to New Zealand. II

by HECTOR BOLITHO

Mr Bolitho, well known for his many books about the British Monarchy, is a New Zealander by birth and descent. A distinctive feature of early New Zealand settlement was that it included a high proportion of emigrants closely associated with the literary and artistic life of their period. Some of these associations are described in this and a preceding article. (Right) Mary Taylor, a friend of the Brontës



FOR no fixed reason that is clear to me, New Zealand attracted many early settlers with literary interests; fearless men and women who were willing to leave the safety of early Victorian England for a land where life was dangerous and uncomfortable.

During the 1914-18 war I was in a training camp on the Wairarapa Plains; a cold, ugly experience from which I was able to escape by driving over the mountains to the city of Wellington. There I could climb Mount Victoria, from which, in 1845, Mary Taylor searched the horizon for a ship to carry a letter to Charlotte Brontë at Haworth.

In September 1844 Charlotte Brontë wrote to a friend: "Mary Taylor is going to leave our hemisphere. To me it is something as if a great planet fell out of the sky." Their friendship had begun in 1831 when Charlotte, at the age of fifteen, "looking very cold and miserable . . . shy and nervous", walked into the school-room at Roe Head, some twenty miles from Haworth. The bond between the child, who "looked a little old woman, so short-sighted that she always appeared to be seeking something", and the robust Mary Taylor, who had "more energy and power in her nature than any ten men", endured until Charlotte Brontë died. Mary Taylor visited the Brontës in the melancholy parsonage and made their life quite merry, it seems, for Charlotte wrote: "Mary is playing on the piano; Martha is chattering as fast as her little tongue can run; Branwell is standing

before her, laughing at her vivacity." Mary Taylor became the character of Rose York in Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley*: "Rose has a mind full set, thick-sown with the germs of ideas her mother never knew. . . She has never rebelled yet; but if hard driven, she will rebel one day, and then it will be once for all. . ."

The rebellion came when Mary Taylor crossed the world in a sailing ship, with her piano, and opened a shop in Wellington, New Zealand. "Mary Taylor sits on a wooden stool without a back in a log house without a carpet," Charlotte Brontë wrote, to a mutual friend. It was into this log cabin that a copy of *Jane Eyre* arrived . . . the first to reach New Zealand. Mary Taylor wrote to the author: "Dear Charlotte, about a month since I received and read *Jane Eyre*. It seemed to me incredible that you had actually written a book. . . Your novel surprised me by being so perfect as a work of art. I expected something more changeable and unfinished. . . I lend it a good deal. . . They say 'it makes them cry'. They are not literary enough to give an opinion."

It was exciting for me, in 1916, tied up in my ill-fitting khaki uniform, tied up in the life of a noisy training camp, to enjoy these escapes into the city Mary Taylor had known as a timid settlement, seventy years before. It seemed incredible, and funny, to realize that somewhere in this spreading New Zealand capital of a hundred thousand



Alfred Domett, a friend of Browning and himself a poet, sailed in 1842 for New Zealand, where twenty years later, after entering politics by way of journalism, he became Prime Minister

people, a cow had once roamed, partly owned by Charlotte Brontë. "I must now tell you the fate of your cow," Mary Taylor wrote to her. "The creature gave so little milk that she is doomed to be fatted and killed. In about two months she will fetch perhaps £15, with which I shall buy three heifers. Thus you have the chance of getting a calf sometime." And it was solemn and touching to realize that in this settlement, where Mary Taylor found the women "narrow" and the men "selfish", she sat down in her rude house to write the notes Mrs Gaskell used in her biography of Charlotte Brontë. Mary Taylor was still in Wellington in 1857, when her copy of Mrs Gaskell's biography arrived. She wrote: "The book is a perfect success, in giving a true picture of a melancholy life. . . Though not so gloomy as the truth, it is perhaps as much so as people will accept without calling it exaggerated. . . Once more I thank you for the book—the first copy, I believe, that arrived in New Zealand."

There were other stories for me to find in the rubble beneath mid-19th-century Wellington. It was not easy, but it was pleasant, to see below the solid concrete of 1916 and imagine the township of the 1840s slowly growing on the waters' edge—with "nine

publicans, one wine-merchant, a printer, three coffee-house keepers and two hair-dressers, to say nothing of two barristers, three solicitors and an architect"—the township Alfred Domett found when he landed there, to practise law, in 1842.

Alfred Domett had shared Robert Browning's boyhood in the suburb of Camberwell. ("Only in Italy is there any romance left", someone said to Browning, and he answered, "Oh! well, I should like to include poor old Camberwell.") There, with the third of their company, Joseph (afterwards Sir Joseph) Arnould, Browning and Domett spent their early years, attending chapel together, sharpening their arguments at the local debating society, and thriving on the wisdom of Browning's "divine" mother and his father, who did not know "what vanity or ambition or the love of money or social influence meant". When Alfred Domett sailed for New Zealand, suddenly, Browning lamented the parting in his long poem, *Waring*:

What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip,
Chose land-travel or seafaring,
Boots and chest or staff and scrip,
Rather than pace up and down
Any longer London Town?

While Charlotte Brontë was writing her New Zealand letters from Haworth, Browning was writing to Domett, "I shall let no ship I hear of sail without a few lines. . . I have a sort of notion you will come back some bright morning a dozen years hence and find me just gone to Heaven, or Timbuctoo; and I give way a little to this fancy while I write, because it lets me write freely what, I dare say, I said niggardly enough—my real love for you—better love than I had supposed I was fit for. . ."

Browning added: ". . . live properly you cannot without writing, and to write a book now will take one at least the ten or a dozen years you portion out for your stay abroad. . . I have read your poems: you can do anything—and (I do not see why I should not think) will do much. I will, if I live."

Alfred Domett was an exceptional colonist: he became Prime Minister of New Zealand, and he wrote the first considerable poem owing its inspiration to the Maori people. He was Colonial Secretary for the South Island and for the southern provinces of the North Island in 1848, and in 1851 he was further appointed Civil Secretary of New Zealand. Then he was Resident Magistrate and Commissioner of Crown Lands in the Hawkes Bay district. He led a constructive,



From the Rex Nan Kivell collection

*Views of Wellington in the 1840s, by S. C. Brees, Chief Engineer and Surveyor of the New Zealand Company.
(Above) Te Aro Flat. (Below) Barrett's Hotel. Originally a private house, it was taken out from England*

By courtesy of the High Commissioner for New Zealand in the U.K.





From the Rex Nan Kivell collection

Charles Meryon's picture of the death of a French officer, Marion Dufréne, the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, in 1772. Meryon went to New Zealand as a sailor in 1842 and like many casual visitors in those early days was not impressed by what he saw

imaginative life in the service of the new country, and did not forget his literary affections on the way. He named streets after Tennyson and Carlyle, in Napier, and when he compiled a classification of the laws of New Zealand, and a memorandum for the settlement and defence of the Colony, he wrote and edited with such skill that the documents remained valuable in the archives of early New Zealand history. While history was being made, Domett took care that it should also be written. The foundation of the library of the General Assembly in Wellington was largely his work. While the busy, practical affairs were engaging him in the new country, his friend was rescuing Elizabeth Barrett from her father, "... one of those tyrannical, arbitrary, puritanical rascals who go sleekly about the world, canting Calvinism abroad, and acting despotism at home". Thus their mutual friend, Joseph Arnould, described Mr Barrett in a letter to Domett. Browning did not write to New Zealand for some years, but he remembered Domett in the closing lines of *The Guardian Angel*:

My love is here. Where are you, dear old friend?

How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?
This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

And when Domett retired in 1871, and returned to England, Browning wrote to him: "How very happy I am that I shall see you again". Elizabeth Barrett had died ten years before, and Domett's letter of sympathy to Browning had never been answered. Browning at last explained: "I never could bear to answer the letter you wrote to me years ago, though I carried it about with me abroad in order to muster up courage some day which never came; and it was too hard to begin and end with all that happened during the last thirty years. But come and let us begin all over again."

Domett had brought home his long poem, *Ranolf and Amohia*, and it was published by Smith Elder. One line in the poem refers to Browning, the "Subtlest Asserter of the Soul in Song". So New Zealand made its first appearance in English poetry and Domett lived long enough, another sixteen years, to write a second book of poems, and to publish a revised edition of *Ranolf and Amohia*. Tennyson considered that the poem had "great imaginative fire", but also "an *embarras de richesses*" which made it a "little difficult" for him to read. Browning thought it a "great and astonishing performance, of very varied beauty and power". He wrote: "In

fine, the poem is worth the thirty years' work and experience, and even absence from home..."

In a corner of the drawing-room of my club in London is a rather cumbersome piece of furniture, a print-stand, with revolving frames. Now that I have been a member for some twenty years, I turn the frames to see the prints, and make as much clatter as I wish. But it was not always so. When I was first elected, I was young and intimidated, as I walked, unchallenged, into those big solemn rooms, where bishops dozed with *The Church Times*, fallen, looking like discarded surplices on the floor beside them.

The first time I dared move the frames on the print-stand, they made such a noise that I withdrew my clumsy hands. It seemed that the busts trembled on the pedestals and that the books shrivelled on their shelves at my impertinence. But I now feel a possessive interest in the print-stand, for I do not suppose any other member of the club can imagine the emotions of a New Zealander, elected for the first time to walk freely between those imposing pillars in the hall, up the broad stairs, into the drawing-room, and to the revolving print-stand, in which there is one of the four etchings of scenes in New Zealand, by Charles Meryon.

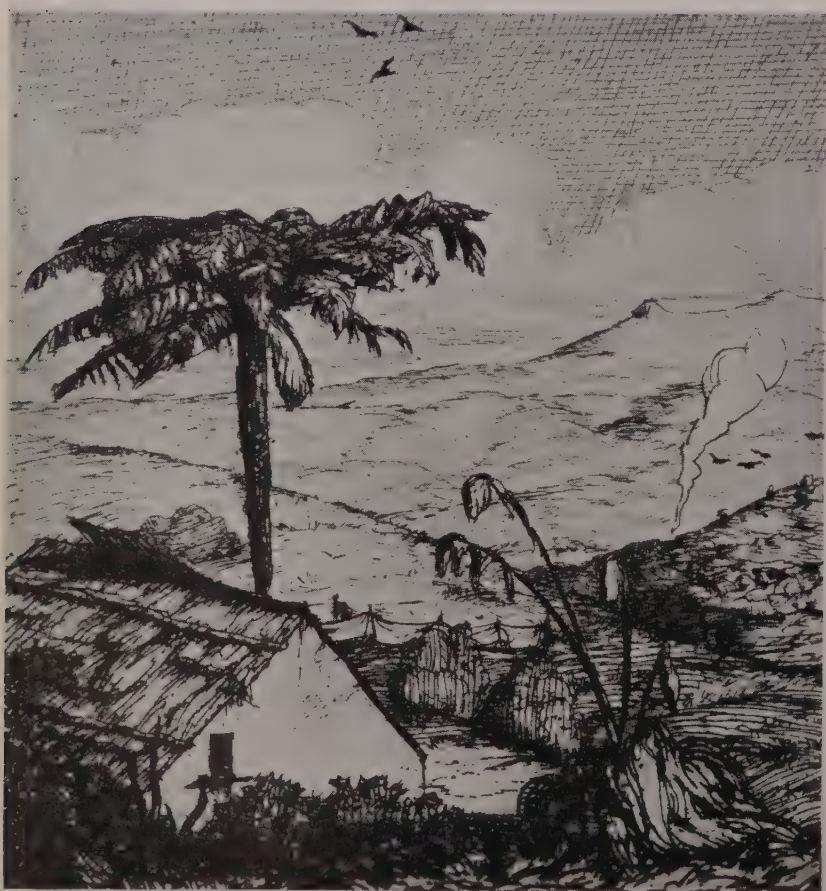
The opening, wholly remote from New Zealand in climate and space, might excite a novelist or the writer of a romantic play. Doctor Charles Lewis Meryon was a descendant of Huguenots who had settled in England. He travelled as physician to Lady Hester Stanhope and eventually edited and published her memoirs. Dr Meryon was unmarried and attendance at the heels of the restless and amazing Lady Hester was not enough; he craved for a son. He fell in love with Pierre Narcisse Chaspoux, a dancer in the Opera in Paris, and she bore him the boy he desired. The son was Charles Meryon, the etcher, best known for his "Views of Old Paris".

Charles Meryon was born in Paris in November 1821, and when he was seventeen he entered a naval school at Brest. Two years later he was at sea, in the Mediterranean, and there, excited by what he saw in Greece, he fixed his heart on drawing, painting and sculpture, for all of which he had a talent. He continued as a sailor, but art became the absorbing and increasing passion of his life.

In June 1842 he wrote to his father, then become self-centred, eccentric and out of love with his son: "Dear Father, I must tell



British Museum



British Museum

Three of the four etchings Meryon made in 1863, seventeen years after his return to France, on the basis of his youthful sketches and recollections of the coast near Akaroa, New Zealand. (Above) Seine fishermen at "Charcoal-burners' Point". (Left) A thatched cottage. (Opposite) A Maori village with granary and huts



British Museum

you something you can hardly have expected. Yesterday I embarked in the *corvette de charge*, the *Rhin* which . . . is making a direct passage to New Zealand."

There was already a settlement of Frenchmen at Akaroa, founded on the east coast of the South Island of New Zealand in 1838. The Britons in Canterbury resented their presence; there were frequent arguments, even scuffles, which made it necessary for the French to keep sloops at Akaroa, to save the little colony from real harm.

Charles Meryon continued, in his letter: "As our commander is mad on charts (*hydrographe enragé*) everything leads me to suppose that we shall make a great many observations of all kinds . . . I am preparing to observe a great deal, to do some painting, make calculations, and carry out my service duties as well as I possibly can . . . I shall write only briefly; and content myself this time with telling you my news, and how happy I am at my good fortune."

As a devoted New Zealander it is sad for me to read the letters of these early settlers, who went to the colony about the same time as my own ancestors, for most of them seem to have been quickly bored by the life they discovered. Charles Meryon soon ceased to be "happy" at his "good fortune". I had to wait many years, until I was living in England, to read the letters he wrote from Akaroa: they are now with his father's papers in the British Museum.

Seventeen years later, Samuel Butler was to settle in the same Canterbury; he was to discover the images and wisdom of *Erewhon* there, to "sit on the mountain side", watching "the waving downs, with the two little specks of white huts in the distance", and to be stimulated by all that he saw. But Charles Meryon was already suffering the blight of melancholy that ended in madness; he was unhappy in the settlement by the sea. "We have nothing with which to amuse ourselves except walking and shooting", he wrote to his father. "The uncertainty of the weather lessens these pleasures. . . For my part, not wishing to waste any time here, but rather to occupy it as usefully as possible, I have taken a room ashore, in which I intend to do all sorts of things. I propose to study history, to busy myself with politics and to continue with drawing and painting. I have already done some sketches which encourage me to hope for very fair results in the future. I am also going to try to sculpture some heads, and for this, I provided myself when in Sydney with wax and plaster of Paris. . . The natives, though filthy beyond description, offer a great field, with their bizarre type of physiognomy and their fashion of dress. In a few days I shall set to work. . ."

In the same letter Charles Meryon described "an excursion around the peninsula". He wrote: "In one of our resting-places, at Pigeon Bay, we had the pleasure of gorging ourselves with warm milk straight

from the udder of a cow, milked before our eyes by the fresh little hands of two girls whom I could willingly have embraced . . . In general, the country is remarkably fine . . . I have been enjoined to make sketches of noteworthy spots, but I could not do much as I was unable to find a comfortable position for sketching."

It is easy for the calm searcher among documents to pounce on little pieces of evidence and pursue solemn motives in them. Meryon died insane, so one is tempted to seek, in these records of his stay in Akaroa, for evidence leading to the final disaster. He revealed independence and courage, when the Captain of the sloop refused to allow the cadets to use his gig for going ashore. Charles Meryon had seen the splendid canoes hollowed from tree-trunks by the Maoris; immense, gallant craft, with tufts of feathers at their bows. He spent three months building and carving a similar boat so that he could escape to the shore and forget, with pencil and brush, the monotony of the ship's routine. (The canoe was later brought to Europe and it is still preserved at the arsenal in Toulon).

There was wild imagination also. Meryon wrote of nights spent ashore, when he was "insufficiently protected by a fire . . . from the attacks of wild beasts." This in a land where there were no quadrupeds bigger than rats, and no snakes.

Among Meryon's papers in the British Museum is a note written after he returned to France, describing the mood in which he made one of the many sketches, some of which were the basis of his brilliant etchings:

One day in one of the walks which I used to take in order to pass the time at the end of our sojourn in Akaroa . . . I saw in the corner of a wood of lofty forest trees this poor little fungus. Its ephemeral existence probably only dates back to the morning which had followed a rainy night. Distorted in form and pinched and puny from its birth, I could not but pity it. It seemed to me so entirely typical of the inclemency and at the same time the whimsicality of an incomplete and sickly creation that I could not deny it a corner in my *souvenirs de voyage*, and so I drew it carefully.

Charles Meryon had none of the talents of a colonist. Unlike Charles Armitage Brown, Alfred Domett or Mary Taylor, he viewed the new country from the deck of a sloop; a visitor touching its edge and making no effort to identify himself with its birth-pains as a colony. To him, it was "a very dismal place, very poor, very little interesting in itself". The colonists were "a poor lot,

neither hard-working, clever, nor industrious". He thought the expeditions in search of game "rather a bore and tiring", and was pleased to return to "a roof and a good bed again."

"O, le beau et bon pays que la France," he complained, "how one learns to love it when one is exiled far away . . . all the occupations most dear to me belong to the arts; ever since I could read . . . How many things I shall have to see in my own country alone!"

He returned in 1846, when he was twenty-five years old. For a little time the New Zealand memories guided his mind and he painted and etched what he had seen. But Paris surrounded and dominated him. Here he was at home; the rough colonial winds no longer discomfited him. From the perils and boredom of the new land, he turned deeper into history. With some sketches he sent to Baudelaire he wrote: "I hope these drawings will fix your imagination on things of the past." His "Views of Old Paris" appeared and Victor Hugo wrote of them to Baudelaire, "Since you know M. Meryon, tell him that his splendid etchings have dazzled me."

As Charles Meryon's talents prospered, his health and his life fell away from him. The crazy doctor, who had yearned so tenderly for a son while he was traversing Europe with Lady Hester Stanhope, cared no longer. Charles Meryon's body weakened; then his mind became so wild that he would spend his days digging in the earth for bodies he imagined to be buried there. His nights were menaced by dreams of sailing upon seas of stormy blood. In 1858, when he was thirty-seven, Meryon was taken to a lunatic asylum.

He was nursed back to health and for one brief season his clear, talented mind was well again. It is strange that he turned for his renewed inspiration, not to the Paris he loved, but back, back, to the memories of New Zealand. He made the four fine New Zealand etchings one of which is in the print-case of my club in London. He even planned a book on the voyage he had made. Then the darkness fell on him again. When there was a glimpse of light, it was of Akaroa that Meryon spoke. But the moments of clarity became less and less and he died in 1868, pathetically unaware of his achievements.

Some time later one of his friends from the old sailing days stood by Meryon's grave and composed the epitaph:

Sa barque à tout instant noyée, courait sans repos au naufrage . . .

The British-Indian Army

by FIELD-MARSHAL SIR CLAUDE AUCHINLECK, G.C.B., D.S.O.

Many chains have bound Britain, India and Pakistan together: some are already broken, others can never be. Of these, by no means the weakest is the memory of great enterprises shared, especially the hazards of war "from Ypres to Peking, from Lhasa to Tanganyika". The main instrument of that common experience, an Army of unique character, is here the theme of its last Commander-in-Chief

THE Army of British India, from its inception nearly three hundred years ago until its end in 1947, was an army of volunteers—of hereditary soldiers following each other generation after generation in the same regiments and corps. It reached its zenith in World War II when it numbered over two million men serving freely in defence of freedom.

After having served in this Army for over forty-four years I had the honour to be its last Commander-in-Chief and had the difficult and, to me, painful task of dividing it when India and Pakistan achieved their independence.

I have had the good fortune to revisit India and Pakistan twice in the last two years and to see something of the two new Armies which sprang from the old Army which served the Empire so long and so faithfully. That gallant and highly efficient corps of British regular officers, extraordinarily few in number but remarkably strong in quality, is no more; those who survived the last great war are scattered, some serving on with the British Army and the rest in retirement. They were a unique company, the like of which we shall not see again. Their place has been taken by Indian or Pakistani officers, as the case may be, many of whom, by our standards, are of necessity very young and lacking in practical experience—this was unavoidable because of the circumstances attending the partition of India in 1947. It was all the more remarkable and inspiring, therefore, to find how well they were standing the strain and maintaining the very high standards of the old Army of pre-partition days. Men, who four years ago were captains and junior majors, are today commanding brigades and even divisions. The British officers of the old Army had, many of them, the idea that only the British officer could really train and lead the Indian soldier; it is true that these two new Armies of the two last-joined members of the Commonwealth had not yet been tried in modern war, but if I am any judge I do not doubt myself that given the right arms and equipment they

would show themselves as fine soldiers as ever they were, which is saying a great deal.

It is true that at the outset of World War II the authorities in Britain, in spite of the proved fighting qualities of the Indian Army, doubted whether it could be trusted to face in battle the German war machine—that mighty army, the most highly trained and equipped of any in the world. But as the relentless pressure of the German armies grew and grew and as our allies fell away or were overrun, the old Indian Army came forward as it had done in 1914 and, indeed, on many a previous occasion, to fill the gaps and help to hold the line until we could build up our strength and draw help from America.

During the most critical period of the war in Africa, when Rommel threatened to break through into Asia, six out of the fourteen infantry divisions under the Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East were divisions of the old British-Indian Army. Before this, they had bundled the Italians neck and crop out of Eritrea and Abyssinia and, later, three of these great divisions, the 4th, 8th and 10th, were foremost under Alexander in pushing the Germans out of Italy.

At the same time the magnificent XIVth Army, predominantly Indian in composition, was bringing about the total downfall of the Japanese in Assam and Burma, inflicting many more casualties on them than did the Americans in the whole of their Pacific campaign. It is good to be able to say, without doubt or hesitation, that the Pakistani and Indian soldier of today is as good as ever he was. His turnout, drill and smartness are, if anything, better than they were even in the last war: a high standard indeed. The Indian soldier was always second to none in soldierly spirit and pride of profession and today he has these qualities perhaps in even greater degree, because to his former loyalty to his regiment and to his British officers he has added a new loyalty—to his country. The Indian and Pakistani soldier of today knows and feels that the Army he serves is his Army—his own to make or mar.



(Above) *9th Hodson's Horse, an illustrious Indian cavalry regiment, near Vraignes, France, in 1917.*
 (Below) *Men of the 129th Baluchis in the trenches on the outskirts of Wytshaete, Belgium, in 1914*





The Mesopotamia campaign in World War I: (above) Indian troops after the capture of Baghdad, 1917; (below) Lewis gun on an A.A. mounting, manned by Jat troops, in action against hostile aircraft, 1918





(Above) *A Bren gun carrier of the 4th Battalion, 11th Sikh Regiment, operating in Eritrea in 1941.*
 (Below) *The liberation of Prome in Lower Burma in 1945, after three years of Japanese occupation: men of the Frontier Force Rifles, with a British officer, rounding up enemy snipers near the station*





The Italian campaign, 1944: a subadar (lieutenant) of the 2/11 Sikh Regiment reporting to his H.Q.

My recent short stay among them was an inspiration. I met many old friends now retired and farming their small holdings who came many miles from their remote villages, often on foot, to their regimental reunions. Among them was a Pathan from the barren hills of what used to be called the "Bloody Border"—the North-West Frontier Province; he had been my personal orderly thirty-five

years before and a constant companion out shooting, on the march and in quarters. Old in body, he was still young as ever in mind and spirit.

I have touched on the record of the old Indian Army in World War II; but in World War I, also, it played a memorable part. The Indian divisions in France arrived in the nick of time in 1914 to help to stem the German

onslaught. The Turkish attack on the Suez Canal in 1915 was thrown back almost entirely by Indian troops. The great victories won by Maude and Allenby in Mesopotamia and Palestine were achieved largely by troops from India, not to mention the arduous campaigns in East Africa against the Germans and their thoroughly efficient African soldiers. Long before this, Indian soldiers led by British officers had reached Lhasa on the 'roof of the world' in 1904. They fought against the Boxers in China in 1900 as part of an international army which seized Peking; Indian troops had fought for the Empire twice before in China, once in 1840 and again in 1860. Another noteworthy campaign in which Indian troops formed the greater part of the force was the Abyssinian campaign of 1867 under Lord Napier of Magdala, before the Italians even began to establish their Empire in Africa. In 1856 units of the old Bombay Army played the leading role in the war in Persia and won two Victoria Crosses.

As early as 1795, sepoys of the old Madras Army helped to capture Ceylon and the Spice Islands from the Dutch, while in 1801 Indian soldiers were in Egypt under Sir David Baird to help to halt the march of Napoleon towards India. Troops from all three of the old "Presidency" armies were at the seizure of Mauritius from the French in 1811 and they helped soon after to take Java from the Dutch. In these and many other campaigns, both in India itself and overseas, these soldiers of India took their full share in our wars of Empire.

Truly, a great Army; and its splendid achievements seem all the more wonderful when we consider its inception and its unplanned, almost accidental growth from very small beginnings to the mighty entity it became during World War II.

In 1668 King Charles II made over the island of Bombay, which had come to him on his marriage to Catherine of Braganza, to the Honourable East India Company for £10 in gold. So began the story of the British in India and the story of the old Indian Army; since it was from the armed guards or watchmen engaged by the Company to protect its 'factories' and trading posts at Bombay, Madras and other ports on the coast of India that this great army grew.

The process was naturally a slow one, for while trade may follow the flag, in India, in those early days, the soldier followed the trader. But gradually and inevitably the three Presidency Armies of Madras, Bombay and Bengal took shape and evolved from

what were really local levies, raised and armed by local leaders for the service of the Company, into modern armies armed, clothed, organized and equipped after the fashion of the great European armies of the time. These armies helped to carry the rule of the Company throughout the length and breadth of India, until after the fierce struggles against the Mahratta Empire of Sivaji which ended in 1818 and the desperate battles of the Sikh wars which lasted from 1845 to 1849, the frontiers of British India marched with those of Afghanistan to the west, Tibet and China to the north and Burma to the east. Then came the great Mutiny of the Bengal Army in 1857—a terrible tragedy, the aftermath of which was to embitter relations between Indians and British for nearly a century.

After years of bitter fighting and fierce atrocities on one side and as fierce reprisals on the other, the Mutiny was finally suppressed. It may be noted, in passing, that the uprising was confined practically to the old Bengal Army. The Madras and Bombay Armies were scarcely affected; indeed, they helped to put it down. After the Mutiny, the rule of the Company ended and India became an Empire under the Crown. The old armies in India raised, paid and administered for so long by "John Company", were welded into a new Imperial Army under the Sovereign, though they retained for some years their old titles of the Madras, Bengal and Bombay Armies. As a result of the change, the British officers of these Armies, who heretofore had served the Company and not the Queen, became regular officers of similar status and authority to the officers of the British Regular Army. They became "Queen's officers" and no longer "Company's officers".

In its new guise the Army of India fought in many minor wars against the tribes of the North-West Frontier, in two wars against Afghanistan, in Egypt in 1882 under Lord Wolseley to break the power of Arabi Pasha and give Egypt peace and security; again in Suakim, in 1885, an Indian Brigade fought at Tofrek against the fierce swordsmen of the Mahdi, fresh from the capture of Khartoum and the killing of General Gordon. And so we see how throughout its 280 years of existence the old Indian Army grew ever closer to the armies of Britain and the Commonwealth, fighting side by side with them in many wars, big and small, all over the Old World from Ypres to Peking and from Lhasa to Tanganyika. These wars were not easy wars, there were no featherbeds about them! No soldier of the old Indian Army would



The East India Company's armies fought many campaigns outside as well as within the borders of India. (Above) In the Burma War of 1824-26: Indian troops at the storming of Fort Syriam on August 5, 1824. (Below) An incident of the Sikh Wars, 1845-9: the Battle of Goojerat. Infantry of the Bengal Army advance on a village, while the 10th Brigade (on the right) repulse a Sikh cavalry body in their rear





Soldiers of the Madras Infantry (32nd Regiment) in 1845. The group comprises a havildar (sergeant), sepoy (privates) and an orderly boy



All colour plates reproduced by courtesy of The Parker Gallery

The 2nd Corps of Skinner's Horse, raised in 1803, later became famous as the 1st Bengal Lancers

claim that it did not have its 'downs' as well as its 'ups'—what Army has not? But in cold and heat, fair weather and foul, in the mountains of Tibet, the deserts of Africa, the jungles of Burma or the mud of France and Mesopotamia, these soldiers of India gave of their best and were steadfast and true to their salt—to their King and the "Raj" to whom they swore fealty on the Colours at their enlistment. They were trained and led by many generations of British officers to whom must be given the credit for the creation and preservation of this unique Army. For it was unique, if only in the relationship which grew up and persisted to the end between the British officer and the Indian soldier. This relationship had to be experienced to be realized.

I myself watched it and felt it for over forty years of service as an officer in a Punjabi Regiment in which we had four separate and distinct races and three different scripts. The Pax Britannica and the wonderful tradition of the Army bound all these—Briton, Sikh, Rajput, Pathan and Punjabi Muslim—to-

gether in one living whole, whose chief idea in life was to uphold the honour and credit of the Regiment.

This bond between British officer and Indian soldier persisted long after they had parted, to go either "on pension" or to higher military spheres. Officers who left India many years ago still regularly receive letters from their old soldiers giving little bits of news about their sons and their crops and their villages: a really wonderful tribute to the qualities of the soldiers of both races.

Truly this was a remarkable Army unlike any other since, perhaps, the armies of Rome. But what of the future? As we have seen earlier in this brief account, the two new Armies of Pakistan and India are carrying on the fine traditions and high standards of the old Army of British India and I, for one, have no doubt that should the trumpet sound again for battle, which God forbid, they will give every bit as good an account of themselves as their forbears, who fought for the Empire.

We, who knew and loved them, salute them and wish them well.

Pink-footed Geese in Iceland

by PETER SCOTT and JAMES FISHER

The Director of the Severn Wildfowl Trust and the Resident Editor of the New Naturalist Series, each specially qualified as an expert on bird life, record the methods and results—some highly unexpected—of an expedition designed to complete in Iceland a bird study begun in Britain. The expedition received a grant from The Geographical Magazine Trust Fund. (Interested readers are urged to visit the National Book League's current exhibition: "British Birds and Their Books")

If you have seen a great skein of wild geese filling the winter sky it is most likely that you have seen pinkfeet; for there are more pink-footed geese in England and Scotland in winter-time than there are of any other kind of goose. There are also more pinkfeet in England and Scotland at that time of year than in any other part of the world, for although they are the commonest of our geese their world population is comparatively small. To find out how small was one of the main objects of a summer expedition, sponsored by the Severn Wildfowl Trust, and supported by the Royal Society, to the Central Highlands of Iceland. Hitherto bird-ringing—the technique of marking birds with numbered aluminium rings—has been applied mainly to the study of migratory movements. It has not previously been used, so far as we know, for assessing the total numbers of a European bird species (although insect and fish population studies have been based on marking).

During last autumn and winter the Severn Wildfowl Trust evolved a new technique for catching geese in Britain in sufficient numbers for statistical analysis. Rocket-propelled nets were developed, and between October 1950 and March 1951 643 pinkfeet were caught (mostly in Scotland), marked with rings and dyes and then released.

During the summer pinkfeet migrate to breeding grounds in Iceland, Greenland and Spitsbergen. It was our plan, therefore, to follow them northwards, to find, we hoped, some of our marked birds, and to mark as many more as possible, both as goslings yet unable to fly and as adults during the moulting period when they become flightless. We were to spend six weeks in the largest oasis of vegetation in the central desert of Iceland, where according to our information great numbers of pinkfeet were believed to breed, although no ornithologist had ever been into the area during the breeding season.

The expedition consisted of Dr Finnur Gudmundsson, Director of the Natural History Museum at Reykjavík, Miss Philippa

Talbot-Ponsonby, Scott, Fisher, and rather more than a ton of stores and equipment. The first stage of the journey from Reykjavík took us in a chartered bus to Ásólfsstaðhir, the northernmost farm in the valley of the Thjórsá—Iceland's largest river. Here, almost at the foot of the gently steaming Hekla, we re-organized our baggage so that about one-third could be loaded onto eleven pack ponies, another third set aside for a second journey and the remainder kept in reserve. Then on June 23 we set off with two Icelandic farmers as guides on the seventy-mile journey to the headwaters of the river. For four days we rode through deserts of black sand, over stony ridges, across swift tumbling tributaries, past small oases of dwarf willow and bog, camping each night where the grazing seemed good enough for our train of seventeen ponies. Each day the sky was cloudless, the heat-haze shimmered over the desert and the white glare of the ice-caps grew closer and brighter. We passed the spectacular snow peaks of the Kerlingarfjöll and came finally to the green expanse of tundra and bog which lies at the foot of the Hofsjökull, the round ice-cap in the very middle of Iceland. Our camp was made beside the Thjórsá, at the edge of a small marsh, where, on tundra frost-mounds, a flourishing colony of pinkfeet was breeding. On June 26, the day of our arrival, many of the nests had hatched and other nests contained chipping eggs from which came plaintive peeping.

From the camp we looked out over the marsh to the northward and beyond it to low stony hillocks and a frieze of white ice-cap like a vast inverted saucer, broken here and there by protruding *munataks*, mountain peaks making islands in the snow. Between the mountains the ice flows out in fan-shaped glaciers, green and corrugated. This was the background to the pinkfeet as they flew over their breeding marsh. And if we turned the other way the wide Thjórsá was almost at our feet. As it passed our camp it was only about 300 yards wide, running over rapids, swift and



Kodachrome

P. Talbot-Ponsonby

*Base-camp of the Severn Wildfowl Trust Expedition to Hofsjökull. It was occupied for six weeks by the party who ranged, mostly on horseback, over the forty square miles of the largest vegetation oasis in central Iceland. (Above) The Union and Iceland flags fly from the camp wireless mast; beyond, the River Thjórsá. (Right) A pinkfoot's nest and eggs a few yards from the camp, in a tundra-meadow on which the willow *Salix glauca* is the dominant plant; in the distance, the snow-mountains of Kerlingarfjöll*



Kodachrome

P. Talbot-Ponsonby



James Fisher

Ilford

Arnarfellsbrekka: purple cranesbill and Archangelica, the big northern angelica, grow densely on the slopes of Arnarfell, the "eagle's mountain", a much-used camping-oasis on the Sprengisandur crossing of central Iceland. An arm of the Hofsjökull descends onto the plain in the distance

milky with glacier water. It is held in here by Sóleyjarhöfði—the Buttercup Headland—which looks sunlit even on a grey day. Further up the river spreads itself out in many channels running among black sand and shingle flats, more than a mile wide from bank to bank although it is less than ten miles from its glacial sources.

Beyond the river and above the low hills were the steep snow mountains of the Tungnafellsjökull and the white line of the great Vatnajökull, the largest of the ice-caps.

Our camp marsh was but one of many flat marshes that composed the central feature of this landscape—the Thjórsárver vidh Hofsjökull, or the "meadows of Thor's River by the Ice-cap of the Shrine". On the drier parts of this complex of oases the dominant vegetation was glaucous willow, a scrubby plant growing in great swards, about nine inches from the ground.

The boggy, flat oasis of the Thjórsárver was rather over forty square miles of true tundra

with underground ice in some places, from which rose a number of the hog-backed, stony, barren hills, known as *aldar* (waves or billows). The tundra ridges and their growth of glaucous willow alternated with bog-hollows full of cotton-grass and sedges. Everywhere were reminders of the action of the frost and snow that operate on the face of this queer, truly arctic land for eight months out of the twelve. Frost and weather had made polygons everywhere, stone-polygons, mud-polygons; the bogs themselves were polygons with small, often straight-sided tarns, which as the season went on dried out to mud floors which became marked by the feet of whooper swans, pinkfeet, dunlins, cygnets, goslings, sheep and (though very seldom) man. Here and there was evidence of the protective action of snow against frost, for on some steep banks of hollows that had held deep winter drifts the display of flowers was specially rich and varied—great swards of dandelions, buttercups, rose-root, the daisy *Erigeron uni-*



Kodachrome

P. Talbot-Ponsonby

Peter Scott looking for pinkfeet in the Thjorsárver, the great tundra-bog of the Hofsjökull. (Above) Crossing the glacier-river Miklakvisl; (below) watching geese feeding in the bog, from Oddkelsalda. In the background of both, the ice-cap is Hofsjökull and the mountain is Arnarfell



Ilford

James Fisher



James Fisher

(Above) "Valli", the guide, holds the horses. (Below) Finnur Gudmundsson guards a netted flock of pinkfeet on Round-Up Hill, the site of the expedition's last catch, when the 1151st goose was marked

James Fisher



Ilfor

Ilfor



James Fisher

Final act of a goose-drive on the hillock Arnarfellsalda. Over a hundred flightless geese have been driven into the catching-pen, while Peter Scott (right) and "Valli" move stakes to close the gap

florum, many heads of the white chickweed *Cerastium alpinum*, purple cranesbill (sometimes very dense and pretty), pink-white cuckoo-flower, yellow *Potentilla*; and many kinds of saxifrages—white, red-dotted and yellow—in particular the bright yellow *Saxifraga hirculus*—growing and glowing over a brown moss, to produce an unearthly combination.

In the Thjórðarver we found thirty sorts of birds, of which twenty-two were breeding. The only passerines were snow-buntings and meadow-pipits; we were hardly ever without their cheerful songs. The commonest bird was . . . the pinkfoot, for to summarize an investigation that took us five weeks we finally were driven to the conclusion that between 1400 and 1700 pinkfoot nests were occupied in the oasis in 1951. By the first few days of August the actual number of geese—adults and near-fledged goslings—was probably about 10,000. This is about a third of what we previously thought the *world population* of the pinkfoot to be. It seems clear that at the Thjórðarver we found the great missing community of geese that we were looking for. Indeed, we all agreed that it was far greater than any of us ever expected.

The fact that first brought home to us that here was a special concentration of wild geese was a sinister one. On our arrival in the oasis by the banks of the Thjórðar half-a-dozen great

black-backed gulls stood around. A pair of arctic skuas moaned about the moor. The guides found a dead arctic fox. These were the parasites upon the goose population, the snappers-up of neglected eggs or unconsidered goslings. As we rode round a bend in the river-bank a huge brown bird flapped across the river and alighted, yellow-legged, alert and cruel-looking, on the opposite bank: a young sea-eagle. Later we found two or three Iceland falcons preying on the goose community, and a great white male snowy owl, the first either of us had ever seen wild; and we watched a white fox scoff a clutch of eggs and then curl up for a short sleep on the downy goose-nest from which it had taken them.

When we pitched our camp on the goose-grounds we agreed among ourselves, from our first taste of the situation and its possibilities, that our expedition would be a failure if we marked less than fifty geese, and a roaring success if we marked more than five hundred. But we knew little of what was likely to happen as we waited for the adult geese to become flightless, and the goslings to grow big. When, on about July 12, nearly all adults went, rather suddenly, into moult there was an odd change in the landscape. No more familiar skeins of geese, with their lovely double calls of communication in flight. The great goose-population remained silent and

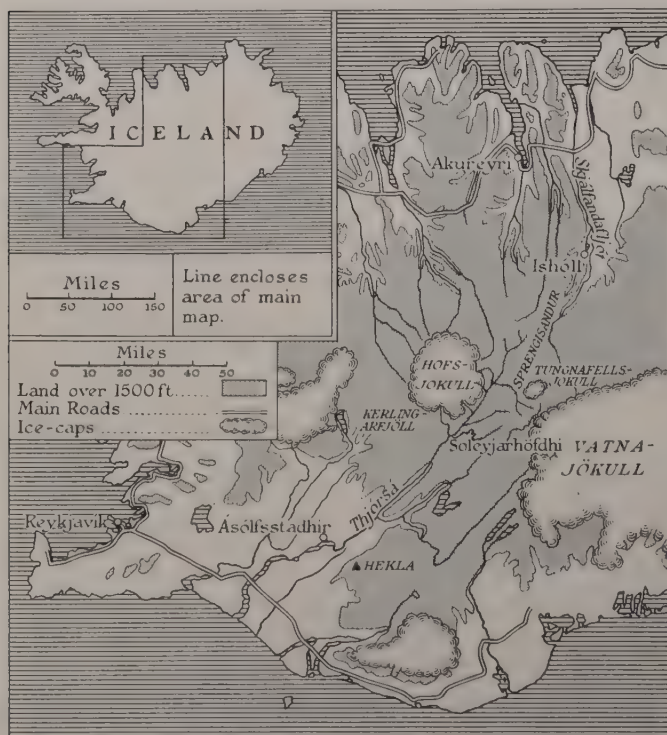
merged into the tundra; and concealed itself so effectively that until we learned how to find, round up, catch and count the flocks we could scarcely believe that there were hundreds, far less thousands, of geese in the oasis; and we began to understand how previous travellers—who nearly all went through at moulting-time—overlooked the geese on their visits to the area. We did not see flying geese again until July 31.

At first our catching methods were crude. On disturbing a party of geese we galloped forward on our horses to cut off as many as possible, finally dismounting to catch the birds by hand, as they crouched. Often they eluded us by running on again—and quite a young gosling can outstrip a man uphill though not downhill. Our hunting improved a little when we made some catching nets, like long butterfly-nets, but we never got more than fifty-five in a day that way, and sometimes no more than ten. One day, however, we surprised a large flock of about a hundred and fifty, mostly goslings, which ran up one of the wave-like barren hills; in a few minutes three of us had surrounded them—so far as three can surround anything—and for a while we kept them immobile at the top of the hill. That day we had no netting with us, and we caught no more than fifteen of the pack—which was sadly frustrating. But we knew what to do next time; and next time came

on the following day.

What we already knew of the habits of geese led us to expect that a surprised flightless flock, cut off from river or lake, would run uphill. We had taken, therefore, more than 200 yards of rabbit-netting and stakes, with which we had made a pen and wings on top of one of the wave-like hills called Oddkelsalda. Now that we knew the trick of the horseback surprise and round-up we laid on a drive to this net, with full military strategy, separated hidden starting-points for the riders, synchronized watches. Each participant had a clear task to perform. At an agreed time all appeared from dead ground, and pushed a great pack of geese uphill. Here we surrounded them, after some anxious moments, and bunched them, and began to edge them towards the net, which led by a V to the catching-pen. But the mass of geese was too heavy for the net—they knocked it down and stormed through, and then the flock had to be collected, bunched again, and driven back, an operation in which our guide and horse-wrangler Valentinus Jónsson played a leading part. Presently we quietly drove nearly all into the pen, and caught 267. Two of these had blue rings on their left legs, and had been marked by us during the previous winter—one in October in south-east Scotland and the other in December on the Wash.

Unfortunately Fisher was confined to camp that day by an ankle badly sprained in pursuit of an almost fledged gosling on the day before, and had to watch this great exploit through his field-glasses from afar. But he got his chances to take part in this new and rewarding sport later. To sum up, we discarded the unsatisfactory and tedious hunt system, and caught instead in successive major net-drives 267, 97, 180, 114 and 204 geese. On the day before the guides were due to come for us with the homeward pony-train, we had marked 954 geese. We became almost obsessed with the round figure of a thousand, though each pretended to the other that 954 was just as good. Nevertheless our last morning, which should have been devoted to packing, was spent driving geese. On a grey hog-back which we called Round-Up Hill we had 204 geese surrounded by four riders be-



A. J. Thornton



P. Talbot-Ponsonby

Marking the Thjórsá pink-footed geese. (Above) Peter Scott holds a newly marked flightless adult, while his horse grazes in the Icelandic bog. (Right) Clipping a Reykjavík Museum ring on the leg of a three- or four-weeks-old gosling. In the early stages of the expedition flightless geese were caught by members of the party after chases on horseback, but later many more were caught by organized driving into nets, a much less exhausting and more successful method



James Fisher

fore the birds could have known what was after them, and nursed them on their hill-top patiently, while Philippa Talbot-Ponsonby wrestled with a tangled net and snagged poles to prepare a pen for them thirty yards away, and the goslings sat and peeped and the old ganders tried to lead break-away movements. The guides arrived just as we were ringing the last of the geese with the last of our rings. Total score, excluding recoveries: 1151. In the later net-sets we recovered a considerable number of geese that we had already marked, and from these we could make some calculations of the size of the population that we were sampling by these catches—probably about 10,000 including goslings.

All the successful sets were on the grey wave-hills, or aldar. Most of these, we now find, have been marked as goose-hills for what we believe to have been at least seven hundred and perhaps a thousand years. On at least a dozen of these hills is a little ruin, of a drystone construction, which was once a four- or five-foot wall that doubled back on itself to form a chamber, open at one end and to the sky, up to twenty yards long and two or three across. Strangely enough there is no

tradition of their use among the present farmers, though these farmers all believe that their purpose was to catch flightless geese. Now we are certain that this was so, and, moreover, that it was possible for the ancient users of them to drive, surround and bunch hundreds of geese at a time, and simply herd them slowly through the narrow entrance of the pen, with the use of fast horses and a knowledge of the ground and the habits of pinkfeet.

Before we can decide who made these pens a short historical dissertation is necessary. In the heroic age of Iceland, from about a thousand to about eight hundred years ago, the people of whom we read in the Sagas thought nothing of crossing the island from south to north, over the deserts of lava and ash, the shallow, opaque, rushing glacier-rivers, the tundras and bogs. But during the Dark Ages, when Iceland lost its independence and became a vassal of the Scandinavian crowns, the Icelanders became gradually demoralized and superstitious, so that for a long period everybody was frightened of the interior and nobody went there. All the old routes were forgotten, and many of the place-names were

Ruins of a goose-pen, possibly dating from the Saga Age, on the hill Nautalda. Riders no doubt surrounded the flightless geese, bunched them into a flock and drove them through the entrance

s Fisher





James Fish

Stöng, the famous Saga-Age farm of the hero Gaukur Trandilsson, master of all the valley of the Thjórsá. Entirely covered by ash from an eruption of Hekla in the 12th century, it was excavated in 1939. Perhaps early diners in this hall ate pinkfeet from the pens of Iceland's central oasis

probably lost. However, during the 19th century the beginning of Iceland's present renaissance became evident, and once more Iceland farmers began to work into the interior, in search of summer pastures for their sheep. The rediscovery of the central crossing (the "Sprengisandur" crossing) of Iceland, involving the northern river Skjálfandafljót and the southern river Thjórsá, dates from 1810, when it was pioneered by the farmer from the now deserted farm of Íshóll.

The conclusion that the inventors, and first users, of these pens were the men of the Saga Age seems very likely, and it is just possible that they were used until the early 17th century. Thereafter the tradition was evidently lost, until we found out by playing about with our nets and rings as a result of our ambition to discover something of the natural history and the status of pinkfeet.

Already we have arrived at a first approximation to the world population (although it is still subject to many possible errors); for during October 1951 we recaptured in Scotland nine of our marked Iceland geese out of a total catch of 530 pinkfeet, with the Severn

Wildfowl Trust's rocket-propelled nets. It seems possible that in November 1951 about 25,000 adult pinkfeet and about 9000 young of the year were alive. Already about five per cent of the world's pinkfeet carry rings put on by the Severn Wildfowl Trust. These are marked either with the address of the British Museum (Natural History), London, or the Museum of Natural History, Reykjavík, Iceland, and any such ring found on a goose should be sent to the address given with full details of place and time. Information on precise localities will be treated in confidence.

We have tried to confine this account to the scientific necessity for this expedition, its results, and the lessons we may derive from them. But to the members of our small Anglo-Icelandic expedition it has given more than scientific results. We all plan to return, and though the necessity for another visit will be a scientific one, the magnet that draws will be the colours of flowers, and ever-changing weather, and sands and lavas and cliffs and ice and snow, and the sounds of the whoopers and pinkfoot ganders, and the wind teasing the glaucous willow on the tundra ridges.

The New Peasant Turkey

by LORD KINROSS

Long residence and extensive travel in the Near East have endowed Lord Kinross with exceptional qualifications as an observer of the life of its peoples. His latest journey furnished material for the following estimate of the economic changes which reinforce Turkey's strategic position as "a bastion of Europe", now emphasized by membership of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; as well as for a book which he is writing to be published next year under the title Europa Minor

WE were waiting for the lorry to return. Starting from Artvin, a village perched high among the Black Sea ranges which confront the Caucasus, it had taken us down into the deep cleft of the Çoruh Gorge and left us there at a café by the Ardahan road bridge. It had to collect a load of fruit from a village, up a rough mountain track, and would be back for us within an hour. After the third hour I wandered off in the gathering dusk up the mountainside, passing peasants who were bringing down their fruit, loaded on donkeys, to be weighed and paid for and transferred to the next free lorry.

When I returned to the bridge it was dark. An acetylene lamp shed harsh light and shadow on a circle of peasants gathered around a passenger. He was holding forth to them with many an eloquent gesture: a storyteller, perhaps, recounting folk tales; even a troubadour, reciting some familiar Turkish epic. The peasants in their tweed breeches and peaked cloth caps sat in silent absorption, fixing intent dark eyes on the stranger, interrupting him now and then with some monosyllabic comment. As I drew near I suddenly heard what he was saying. The epic which absorbed their attention was a high-powered sales talk on pest control and chemical fertilization.

The scene, I felt, epitomized the new peasant Turkey. Here by the Ardahan road bridge were new communications opening up new markets, new ideas to sow the seeds of a new agriculture: all the elements of that economic revolution which is gradually releasing the peasant from the isolation of his valleys and mountains to lay before him a wider world with all its wider opportunities.

Geographically Anatolia has the features both of Asia and of Europe: it is, as it were, an Asiatic platform encircled by a European mountain rim. Strategically it has become a bastion of Europe rather than of Asia. Politically it has adopted European institutions and is making them work, as its Asiatic neighbours are failing to do. Socially its standards, though still primitive, approximate more to those of South-Eastern Europe than

to those of Persia and the Arab countries, and show more signs of systematic improvement.

I had started my journey from Trabzon (Trebizond) along the Black Sea coast, with its Alpine mountains and its deciduous forests like those of Central Europe. Towards the Russian frontier the Riviera landscape begins to steam with a 'subtropical' luxuriance. This is the country of the Lazes, Georgian Moslems who have interbred with the Turks but have retained an energy and an enterprise of their own. Until the 1930s many of these people worked in Russia, as bakers or confectioners, or traded their fruit and butter and fish across the frontier to Batum. For their land is steep, and despite its prodigal aspect provided an insufficient living for a prolific people; moreover western Turkish markets were remote.

Thus the peasants in the coffee shops, who gathered around me and plied me with searching questions on international affairs, included many who knew Russia: old men with beards and scarves wound like turbans around their heads, who remembered the good old days of "Nikola" and the Tsars; younger men in cloth caps who remembered only the Bolsheviks and were driven back to Turkey by low wages, restricted enterprise and the threat of enforced Russian nationality. But all agreed that the days of free trade with Russia were a "Golden Age".

There followed a dark age, when the fruit rotted on the trees for lack of markets, and the men had to emigrate westwards in search of work. But now an "Age of Diamonds" had dawned. Just before the war the Turkish government—following the example of the Russians in the twenties—started to plant tea in this subtropical corner of the Black Sea coast. The experiment was a success, and the economy of the peasant was revolutionized. Today, around Rize, ten thousand families, aided by the Government, grow a profitable tea crop; this year five thousand more are expected to do so. These peasants provide one-fifth of the tea which Turks drink, and dream of a day, perhaps fifteen years hence, perhaps sooner, when



Ramkrishna Mukh

Rize, on the south-east coast of the Black Sea, where the Turkish government established a demonstration tea-garden and where tea-growing has revolutionized peasant economy in recent years

they will provide it all, with a surplus for export.

The government aids them with seed, advice and a guaranteed market. Its personification is a bronzed enthusiast, Kasim Zihnioglu, who studied tea-growing methods in Ceylon and Darjeeling, returned to Rize to found a demonstration tea-garden, and now runs a tea-factory which buys the whole crop. I sat with him in the garden, beneath the shade of experimental fruit trees, where brambles romped over a hedge of lemon, the tea-plant glistened green beside a grove of weeping willows, and its kinsman the camellia graced the paths. He beamed as he spoke of his subtropical paradise, of the future of tea and the future of Turkey, of what he could do for peasant trade with capital, if he only had it. Half-a-dozen

students, young men and women from the agricultural faculty at Ankara, joined us, listening, questioning and discussing. They were the best "young Turks" of today, absorbed not in politics but in social and economic tasks, typifying the new civilian mentality which rejects Atatürk's tendency to industrialization in favour of a forward agricultural policy.

Their beneficiary is the peasant. Later I sat drinking tea and eating plums with another, older Kasim, farmer of a few acres with a wife and seven children and a new-fangled, unused surname. Past us, as we sat, filed a continuous procession of women in flowing red and blue peasant costumes, all bent beneath great baskets filled with tea. Kasim's house, built of brick and half-timbered, had two storeys but no plumbing



A. J. Thornton

and no electric light. He could not read or write, but his children could, though a high school had yet to be built at Rize.

Life for Kasim was hard before the tea age. He kept two cows, had a patch of alder forest for timber, and grew his own fruit and vegetables but not enough maize to provide his family with all its bread and the cows with all their fodder. He had besides to buy meat, salt, sugar and clothes. Thus he supplemented his living as a fisherman in Istanbul for several months each year. But today his land produced 500 kilos of tea each year at 5s. the kilo, and he was content, with money to spare. Moreover he had a sale for his fruit. Lorries collected it from his door and carried it up over the new mountain roads to sell in Ardahan and Kars and the other markets of the fruitless plateau.

When we had waited four hours by the Ardahan road bridge our lorry returned. But it was so heavily overloaded with fruit that there was no room for passengers. It was not until long after dark that another made room for some of us, sprawling behind among the musty-smelling fruit baskets. The driver was a peasant who had paid £1000 for his lorry and was making a clear £300 a year from it: one of a growing class of capitalists in embryo. We drove far into the night, corkscrewing over precipitous passes and around the brink of bottomless ravines. We were not alone. The lights of other lorries from other villages preceded and followed us, coalescing

into pools of light at periodic *khans*, serving as garages and marking two-hour stages instead of the old day stages of horse traffic. At one we ate *pilav* and drank tea, at another we slept, in beds which overflowed into the corridors and even into the roadway.

Next day we made a detour to the village of Savsat, close up to the Russian frontier, winding along a giddy shelf in the rock above a perilous thousand-foot precipice. It looked as though only military engineers, with American machinery, could have cut such a road. But the villagers of Savsat told us proudly that they had built it themselves, with the aid of a sergeant of gendarmerie, armed only with picks and dynamite and the occasional loan of a compressor. Voluntary democratic enterprise had thus linked Savsat with the outside world, and a procession of lorries was rewarding its labours.

Beyond the village we circled upwards into ever-widening lush green pastures, still freshened by the moist breezes from the north; then, with the abruptness of a change of scene in a film, there lay before us the eternal horizons of the baked and dusty Asiatic plateau. Doves of sheep and cattle grazed on an infinity of golden stubble. Bright-clad Kurdish families, like figures in some Oriental miniature, drove oxen, yoked to sledges, around innumerable threshing-floors, and winnowed their grain against a breeze now warm and dry. Here was another continent, with another climate and

another economy.

It is an economy of grain and livestock—sheep predominating in some villages, cattle in others. Typical of it is a prairie village near Kars, of a hundred families, 3000 sheep and 200 cattle. Its houses are like rectangular heaps of stone, with domes of straw on the roofs and cones of dung fuel in the backyards: domes and cones which may well have inspired the ecclesiastical architecture of the Armenians. Rough in construction and generally windowless, they are built to withstand not only the heat of the summer but the intense cold of the six months' winter, when snow covers the ground and temperatures may fall to thirty degrees below zero.

A stubbly, dark-eyed Turkish peasant, Hikmet by name, invited me into his house. Poor as it looked outside, it was clean inside—or as clean as the dung fuel allowed. We sat in a whitewashed room, with a high divan around the walls and a samovar on the table. Embroidered white cushions and counterpanes decorated the divan; a neat pile of bright-coloured quilts lay in a corner; and the floor was covered with carpets woven from the wool of Hikmet's sheep by his womenfolk. They remained out of sight but prepared for us a meal of fresh bread, butter, honey and two kinds of cheese.

Hikmet owned fifty sheep, six cattle, enough land to supply in an average season his needs and those of his animals in wheat, and a surplus of barley. He sold sheep at £5 each and lambs at £2 10s., butter at 6s. per kilo, cheese at 4s., milk at 3d., honey, from the wild flowers of the prairie, at 6s. The stable, where in the winter his animals would be lodged, was now a store for hundreds of fifteen-pound cheeses, soon to be sold in the markets of Kars. He counted on making £80 to £100 in a normal year, an income about twice as high as the peasant average for Turkey.

But too many years are abnormal. Thanks to the climate the living of these peasants is insecure. A late spring or an early winter may leave them with a bare three months in which to sow, reap and gather their crops. Last year a bumper harvest enabled them to sell a large surplus of wheat, mostly to the government, whose functionaries were emptying it from its wool-embroidered sacks to store in gleaming new silos, by the edge of the railway. But the year before the snow lay on the ground so late that there was no spring grazing, the winter stores of fodder were exhausted, and the peasants had to slaughter their animals, that is liquidate their capital.

The Turks are becoming aware of the remedies for all this. They are training the men and need only the time and the money to carry them out. Tractors must be supplied, to speed the process of cultivation. Marshall Aid has brought more than 6000 to Turkey; but most of them still stick in the rich cotton lands of the south and west, and of those that penetrate to the plateau few have yet reached the eastern provinces. At least, however, more than half the peasants are now supplied with a steel plough, in place of the wooden plough of the Hittites, while their coffee shops and even their houses are plastered with posters of agricultural machinery, with directions for its use.

Hikmet's soil must be improved, with imported fertilizer or with that precious dung which he now burns to keep himself warm. Forests are being planted, to provide him eventually with wood fuel. But after centuries of erosion this is a long and weary task, since the existing forests supply only one-fifth of Turkey's needs. Hikmet's beasts must be better fed. In the winter he feeds them mainly on straw; in the spring on nature's pastures; in the summer on the stubble which should be ploughed back into the soil. He must learn to improve on nature by re-seeding pasture, and to fit new legume crops into his normal rotation. He must improve the seeds of his staple crops. He must improve the stock of his beasts and cure their ills.

In all these tasks the Government is slowly breaking down his inherent peasant conservatism. From its regional agricultural centres—schools, state farms, seed-improvement stations, pest-control stations, forestry departments, veterinary departments, livestock-improvement stations and the like—keen "young Turks" speed everywhere in jeeps, talking to the peasants in every village, demonstrating, remonstrating, persuading, slowly converting. From small encampments, scattered over the plateau, the orange-coloured trucks and bulldozers of the road-building department open the way for him to new markets. And in Erzurum a modern plant is arising to kill his meat, pack it, freeze it and transport it to western Turkey or abroad.

But perhaps the best hope for the future lies in the white, red-roofed building which, in two-thirds of these villages, now rises above the rough stone huts. This is the primary school, where the child of the peasant learns not merely to read and write, proudly flaunting his peaked cap with the gilded laurel badge of literacy, but to become

eventually a better peasant than his father. Turkey is perhaps the only country in the Near East which has foreseen the dangers of too clerical an education in an agricultural country. Some years before the last war a certain Turkish Army sergeant returned to his village on release from the Forces, and started to give his fellow-villagers the benefit of his new knowledge of the outside world. He taught them to speak English. Then he taught them to build houses and to make things out of wood. The village began to develop a higher standard of enterprise than any of its neighbours, and the authorities took notice. The result was the establishment, throughout Turkey, of "village institutes" where, over a period of five years, budding teachers are educated, not only in the normal secondary school curriculum, but in the modern practice of agriculture and peasant trades. These institutes have the atmosphere of lay monastic communities, cultivating and

living on the produce of their lands, training preachers and practisers of the new social and economic gospel, and serving as an example to the surrounding peasants, who come to them for counsel and assistance.

One of them lies by the bank of a stream, beneath the shade of trees which relieve the bareness of the plateau around Kars. One building is devoted to classrooms, like those of any secondary school. Others, built by the students themselves, house a blacksmith's forge, a carpenter's shop, and various workshops. The trees were planted and are tended by the students, learning forestry and fruit cultivation. Grazing on the prairie are sheep and cattle which they breed, and on which they practise animal husbandry. Around the school are fields of potatoes and vegetables, barley and wheat, which they plant and harvest. Qualifying as teachers, they are sent to villages all over Turkey, where they pass on to the younger generation the mysteries

The Turkish peasant is listening to a new message, brought to him partly by government advisers, partly by teachers trained in the "village institutes" which have sprung up throughout the land. Precept, example and direct aid are gradually convincing him that it is advantageous to abandon—

Prithvi Mukherjee





Ramkrishna Mu

—his centuries-old farming methods, such as (above) winnowing by hand, in favour of modern agricultural practice. (Below) A Turkish farmer takes delivery of his newly purchased reaping outfit

Paul



not only of book-learning but of practical peasant lore. Thus, very gradually, the modern Turkish peasant is evolving.

He may be seen at a more advanced stage of economic development in the rich plains and valleys of the Aegean and Mediterranean coasts, where Asia gives place once more to a European landscape. In what was once Ionia the River Maeander meanders from the plateau towards its ever-changing mouth, thrusting the sea steadily backwards with the weight of its rich alluvial silt. Long ago it isolated, inland, the great maritime city of Miletus. Until recent times the delta which it formed was a malarial bog-land where the peasants hunted the boar. Their chief concern was to prop up its banks to prevent it from swamping a few scattered pastures and wheat-lands.

Today, on the contrary, they break down its banks to make a disciplined network of irrigation channels and to flood the reclaimed fields, where a cotton crop is planted. Valleys to the north of it, and here and there along the south coast as far as the great plain of Adana, are being systematically drained and irrigated, with Government assistance, to bear increased crops of vines, wheat, sesame and tobacco, but principally cotton, whose production in Turkey has doubled in two years and may one day compete with that of Egypt.

Cotton millionaires spring up overnight. But Turkey, in this respect, is different from Egypt. Big estates in Anatolia were never the rule, and under the present regime they have been widely broken up, for redistribution among the peasants. Thus the greater part of Turkey's cotton crop is grown by peasants, farming their own land. In the small town of Soke, in the lower Maeander valley, are three big landowners who in 1950 made £200,000 each from their cotton. More typical, however, is the small peasant who made £600. He has bought a tractor with the aid of the State Agricultural Bank, and will pay off the debt within three years. In between these extremes is the bigger peasant who made £3000, owns two tractors outright, together with other agricultural machinery, and is trying to buy more land. The price of cotton in world markets is unstable and the yield uncertain. But the 'Ionian' peasant, unlike the Egyptian landowner, does not put all his eggs in one basket. He has other, more traditional crops to fall back upon. Thus his continued prosperity, the fruit of thirty years' Turkish peace and education and the gradual elimination of peasant indebtedness, seems

reasonably assured.

How does he make use of it? A typical country town is Denizli, in the upper Maeander valley, the centre of a fertile region where the land once belonged to three big families but now belongs to many hundreds of small ones. Here jeeps and tractors throng the streets, jostling the donkeys and the painted peasant carts of a previous age. The coffee shops on the main square do good business. At the corner is a large drapery store, filled to the ceiling with all manner of printed cottons, and crowded with peasant women making purchases. The men prefer the radio shops, whose music brays across the square in hideous competition. Youths show off, wheeling swiftly through the traffic on bright-painted, polished new bicycles. The old, narrow, vine-covered bazaars are filled with wrist-watches and fountain pens and pressure lamps and fancy Czechoslovakian glassware. In the jewellers' shops are peasants buying or selling heavy necklaces and bracelets of golden sovereigns. But they wear, unabashed, a shabby patchwork of old worn tweeds.

The Turkish peasant is still at the stage when he prefers luxuries to necessities. Having acquired his tractor, and perhaps his jeep, he must have a radio, and then a refrigerator even though his poor mud house has no electric current from which to work it. He is in less of a hurry to build himself a new house, in stone or brick, to provide himself with a new suit of clothes and his children with a better diet. Nor, despite the tempting lottery inducements of the state banks with their gaily dressed shop windows, has he yet acquired the habit of banking his savings. He prefers to convert them into gold, which can be hung around the neck of his wife or buried in some safe spot in his garden.

But all these things are changing, and the standard of living is rising, however slowly. Two-storeyed peasant houses, of mud-brick above but burnt brick below, are beginning to appear. A small straw in the wind is that linoleum from Britain has for the first time appeared in the list of Turkish imports. Bank deposits are increasing. Within the next few years Government hydro-electric schemes will bring light and power to the peasants. The women, despite a reversion to the veil in certain centres of religious reaction, are very gradually being emancipated. Given time, education and above all peace, social will catch up with political and strategic development, and Asia Minor may earn the name of Europa Minor.

Jamaican Women

by LADY HUGGINS

From 1943 to 1951 Lady Huggins was stationed in Jamaica with her husband, then Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the island. Her special interest was the welfare of women and children

I HELD in my hand the beautiful gold powder compact with a map of Jamaica engraved on it, the main towns picked out in emeralds, rubies and diamonds, and looked with tears in my eyes at the hundreds of women assembled in the great hall. After seven and a half years in the island I loved so much, my husband's term of office was over and here were my friends, the women of Jamaica, the women I had worked with and for, come to bid me goodbye.

They were a representative group of every type in the island, rich and poor and middle class, well educated, partly educated and some even illiterate. There were members of the white "plantocracy", the owners of the big sugar, cattle and banana estates, there were the rich merchant class, teachers, shopkeepers, housewives, wives of small farmers, market women, women who made their living by breaking stones for road-making, women welfare-workers and church workers. They were of every race and colour and creed.

The Jamaicans have a natural faculty for speech and these women showed great eloquence, from one of the oldest members of the white families, who presented me with an address and the compact, to the market woman who got up and said: "Dear Lady Molly, the day you came to Jamaica God sent us a white mother."

To describe the many different types of Jamaican women gathered there that day would take more space than this article permits so I must limit myself to only a few of them, and in particular to the types represented in the accompanying illustrations. To write about the women means also writing about the children, for children are looked upon as a great blessing, and among the poorer people as a form of insurance against poverty in their old age. I remember vividly one of the first addresses of welcome ever presented to me; the closing words were: "Dear Lady Huggins, the most thriving industry in the island of Jamaica is the mass-production of children." I must admit I was a little startled but I soon realized how

true it was. Everywhere we went were hundreds and hundreds of children and during those first months I quite fell in love with them, with their charm and intelligence, their big shining black eyes, dazzling white teeth, curly black hair, and skins ranging from a lovely plum-coloured black to golden brown.

The present population of Jamaica is 1,350,000 and of that population 77 per cent are of Negro blood; 17 per cent are a mixture of white and Negro (most of the women and children in the photographs will be seen to be of this mixed blood); 3 per cent are East Indian; 2 per cent are white; and finally 1 per cent are Chinese.

One of the types you see most frequently in Jamaica is the market woman. She seems to be part of the landscape, with her bright bandana or a large straw hat on her head, her dress of check or floral print, sitting on or driving her patient, overloaded donkey after a tiring day. She probably got up with the dawn and set off to the nearest market with her yams, sweet potatoes, bananas, plantains, carrots and every kind of fruit and vegetable. There she spent long hours, selling her produce and gossiping with her friends, and now, exhausted and in need of a drink of rum, she is on her way home.

Theirs can be a hard life. I remember stopping an old woman in the road one day, who was driving a very lame donkey, heavily laden. "Good morning," I said, "you should give your poor little donkey a rest with that sore leg of his." Her answer to me was: "Look, Missis, I have a bad leg too, but I must get to the market to sell food to buy something for my children to eat." And she held out her leg, all swollen and bandaged. I took her to the doctor and the donkey to the vet, but I am afraid it was only a temporary alleviation, for work had to go on for both of them, however much they suffered.

Jamaican women take a great pride in their clothes and in their children's clothes; their dresses are kept beautifully clean and well ironed. Many a time a mother would come up to me and say: "Please, Lady, give



All photographs by Erica Koch

"Children are looked upon as a great blessing" in Jamaica. This proud mother is lucky in having a permanent house on the estate of a big sugar plantation, where her husband works. Her daughter could be a prize-winner in one of the competitions held by the Child Welfare Association



(Above) Coconuts, bananas, yams and sweet potatoes being sold by market women in their big straw hats or bandanas. They are familiar figures in the Jamaican scene as they plod to their work at daybreak with laden donkeys, or home again, the long day done. They find the market itself as good a place as any for a gossip and a drink. (Right) What a day!





The women who break stones for road-making, like those who sell at the markets, have a hard life but still find it possible to make the day's work a social occasion, chatting and eating their picnic lunch by the roadside. In districts where there is unemployment they are eager to do this monotonous and wearying job

me a dress for my little girl to go to school." I would then denude my own daughters' wardrobes in the good cause. Often Jamaicans are too poor to send their children to school. Although education is free it is a lack of clothes that keeps them away. Once I stopped for a picnic lunch on the north shore. Two boys, about ten years old, were swimming and playing on the lovely white sand beach without any clothes on. There was an old woman with them and I said to her: "Today is a school day; why aren't the boys at school? Or perhaps they don't go to school?" "Oh yes, Missis," the old woman answered, "my two grandsons go to school, but their clothes are being washed today."

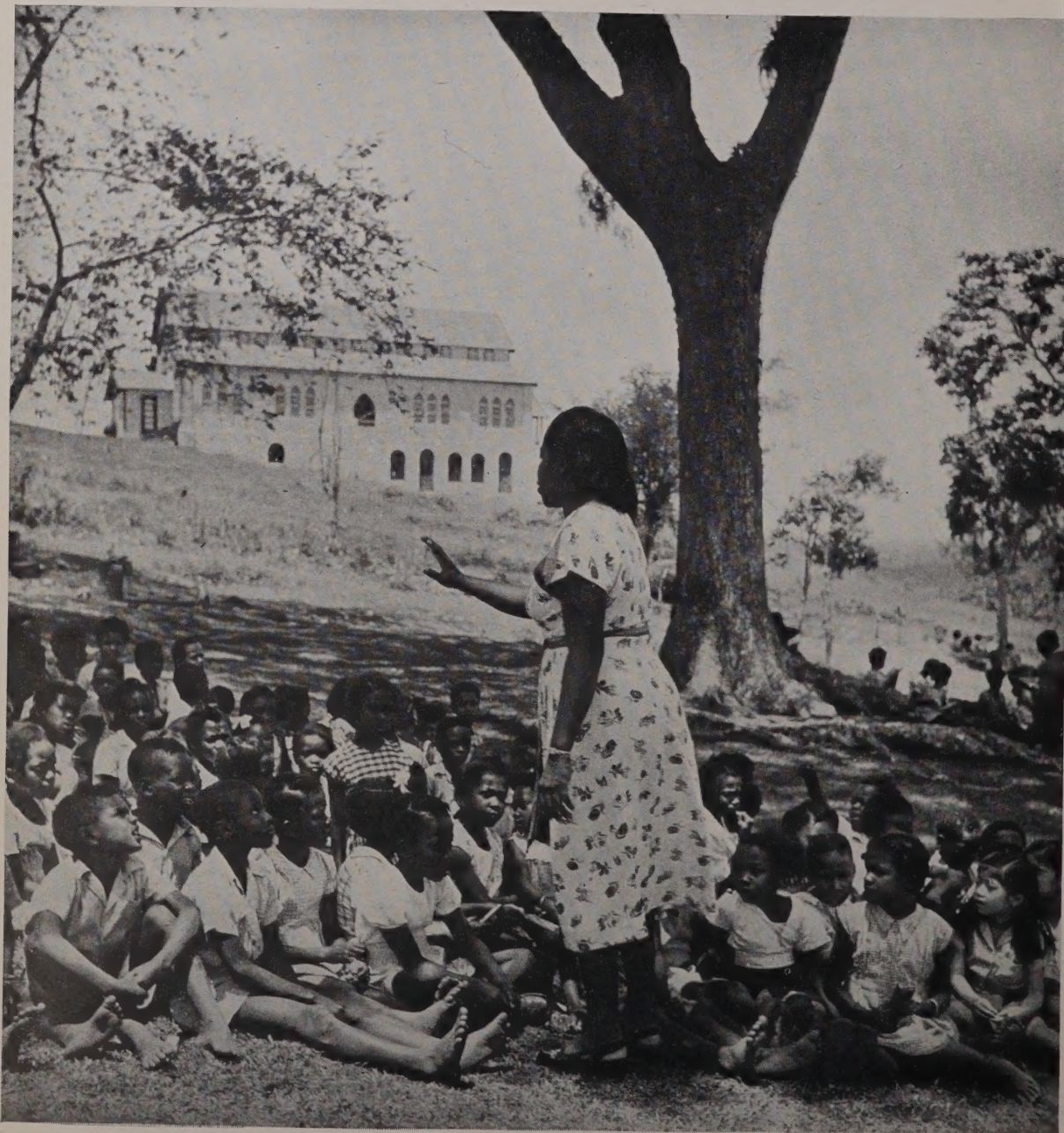
They had only one set each, so while mother did the laundry the boys had a day off, for to send them to school dirty was unthinkable.

Nevertheless there is a great love of education in the island. Some of the school buildings are very fine, but there are always more pupils than space and classes are sometimes held in the open air to relieve overcrowding. I was perpetually astonished at the ability of the schoolteachers to take so many different classes all in one large schoolroom. A popular subject is sewing and dressmaking for which all Jamaican girls have a natural aptitude. One good result of this is that the women are able to make money by doing embroidery, and handicrafts as well. This has become

A cheery smile and a shady hat are common sights among Jamaican women, who often earn a living by purchasing direct from the fishermen the morning's catch which they clean and sell at the markets



Outdoor lessons at an elementary school in Williamsfield, Jamaica. Education is highly regarded in the island and schools are crowded; as a result many classes have to be held in the open. Jamaican women take their full share in the work of teaching, as well as in other professions





(Above) A wedding in Jamaica. This bride is one of the lucky ones for she is able to afford a wedding with all the proper trappings. "White weddings" mean a great deal to Jamaicans and many of the poorer women prefer no wedding at all to one without a white dress, a gold ring, flowers and a party. (Right) Sewing and dressmaking seem to come naturally to Jamaican girls, who enjoy making their own clothes. At school this is a favourite subject



quite an important business; they supply the local tourist industry and some of their work is exported.

The overcrowding in the schools is mainly due to the enormous increase in population. In the past century it has trebled. I found that the women of all classes had a great urge to improve conditions for themselves and their children. Now there are infinitely better health conditions and medical facilities than formerly and child welfare clinics have been established all over the island. Six months after our arrival I started a movement, "The Jamaica Federation of Women", with the object of developing all forms of social welfare, the improvement of conditions for women and children, and the raising of the standard of home life. The Jamaicans are proud of their houses and take trouble to make them nice and bright.

In the Federation we had many problems to solve. One of the most important was to try and bring down the illegitimacy rate, which is high.

In the very early days of our life in the island I was motoring in the Blue Mountains and stopped to look at the magnificent view. There was a very poor little hut by the roadside. Out of it came a Negro woman followed by seven of the thinnest and poorest-looking children I had seen. I couldn't help saying to her: "Why do you have so many children when you can't feed or clothe them properly or send them to school?" She looked at me in complete amazement and said: "But, my Lady, what can I do? I have never even had a husband." There seemed little answer to that, but our Federation of Women did a survey which revealed that, although a great many women wanted to get married, they could not afford a gold wedding-ring and a wedding party, without which, apparently, the ceremony could not be considered. So we entered the wholesale business and imported 5000 rings from a London jeweller at a very cheap rate, and let people know that we would help them. Then came another problem: so many people wanted to get married that our organization found it difficult to cope with all the weddings and the parties. A delightful coloured woman had the bright idea of holding mass weddings; sometimes six, sometimes as many as forty couples were married at a time! The ceremonies took place in church, with ministers appropriate to each denomination; the brides wore white dresses with flowers in their hair and often their own children were bridesmaids. After the

ceremony there was a wedding party, with cake and wine. As a result more and more children became legitimate and home conditions were improved.

Numbers of women support their children without any help from the fathers; they work as domestic servants, in the fields, on the sugar plantations, in the banana industry. Some collect and buy fish direct from the fishermen and sell it at the markets, and some even break stones for a livelihood.

These stone-breakers are a common sight around the island. The first time we saw a group of them was during an official tour soon after we arrived. The car stopped and my husband and I were alarmed to see a knot of women approach the car waving hammers in their hands; then we realized that they were smiling. It was a group of stone-breakers, welcoming us to Jamaica. On another occasion I visited some of them in a very isolated part where they had never seen a Governor's wife before, and probably few white women. They kept on looking at me in a surprised way and eventually I asked them if anything was the matter. "Oh no, Missis," they replied, "we have heard so much about you, but we thought you would look like Queen Victoria and have a crown on." I discovered that stories of Queen Victoria's goodness had been passed down from generation to generation because liberation from slavery had come during her reign.

Stone-breaking seemed to me very hard work for women; I asked them if they liked it. "Oh yes," they said, "but we want more pay." They make it a social occasion, gossiping and working, with a break for a large picnic lunch: a little dried fish probably, and a great heap of rice and yams.

An immense amount of work has been done for many years by the women of Jamaica in the various church groups, for the churches were the real pioneers of education and welfare work in the island and they helped to bring about the abolition of slavery.

In recent years Jamaican women have moved far and fast. They play their part in politics, in the Government, as nurses, doctors, teachers, in every walk of life, but most of all they are solving the problems of race and colour. There is no segregation; on the whole people are judged by their character, accomplishments, education and manners rather than by the pigmentation of their skins, and I am proud and happy to feel that my friends of every race and colour and class meant the words inscribed on that gold compact: "Time passes, friendship remains".